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New Masses

Self-Portrait of a Socialist Leader

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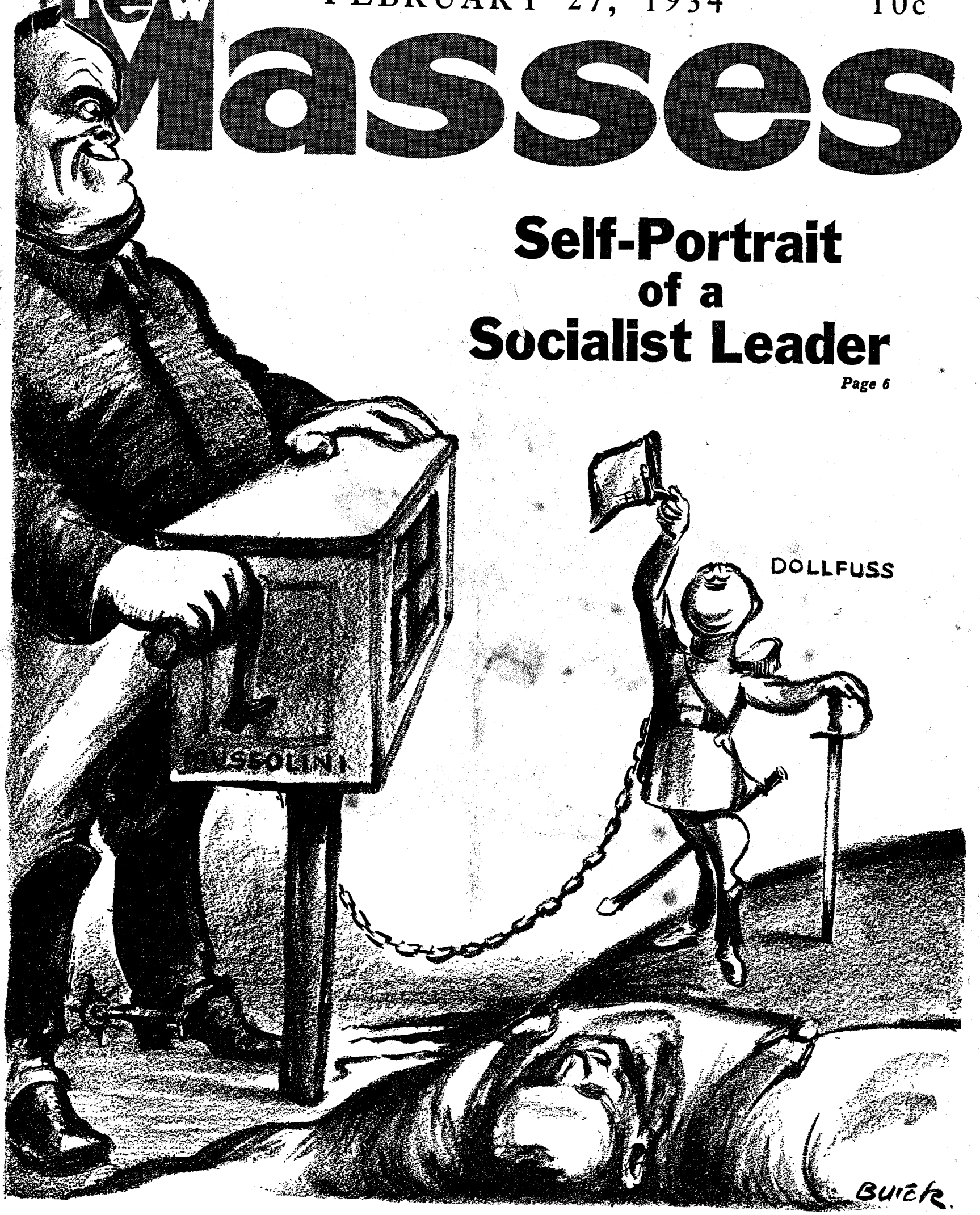

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America Is Moving Toward...

COMMUNISM

Says CLARENCE A. HATHAWAY,
Member Central Committee
Communist Party of America
and Editor, The Daily Worker

FASCISM

Says LAWRENCE DENNIS,
Former Secretary, in United
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FEBRUARY 27, 1934

ROOSEVELT is keeping faith with the bankers and industrialists: he is giving them cheaper labor by scrapping the whole C.W.A. program. Promptly on Feb. 16 he ordered the dismissal of 300,000 workers on federal projects, although $950 million were available. A week later another 572,000 workers got the axe, including 20 percent of all C.W.A. employees in the South. The other 3,000,000 workers will be dropped in the following six weeks. Accompanying the first wave (Feb. 16) of dismissals were new wage-cuts from 50 cents to 30 cents an hour for unskilled workers, so that in New York, for example, the unskilled worker can earn a maximum of $7.20 a week. At the same time the wage rate of skilled workers was cut from $1.20 an hour to "prevailing rates" in the communities, which means that in practice skilled workers also will be reduced to the 30-cent rate. After less than ten weeks the whole C.W.A. scheme designed to defeat the struggle for adequate relief and unemployment insurance, comes to a brutal end.

AS WE have pointed out before, the C.W.A. has been terminated in order to provide cheap labor for spring planting and manufacturing, and to reduce the prevailing wages of all workers. The 30-cent rate which many skilled workers will receive on the C.W.A. will be the club which employers will use to beat down all trade-union and skilled wage-rates. Relief Administrator Hopkins admitted in a newspaper interview on Feb. 17 that the 30-cent hourly rate "is expected to relieve the pressure of criticism from private employers in some sections." He explained "that government rates have been higher than those prevailing in their communities." Four million unemployed are thrown on the auction block of the labor market to appease "protests" that have come (as the New York Evening Post says) "particularly from operators of Southern lumber camps and other sections where cheap Negro labor is exploited." To the mounting wave of protests, demonstrations and strikes, Hopkins' answer is: "We have nothing to apologize for."

FIRST MUNICIPAL ART SHOW—RADIO CITY *Jacob Burck*

All workers—C.W.A., unemployed, and employed — must answer his cynicism with even greater demonstrations and strikes. The administration's ruthless dismissal of 4,000,000 workers is part of the campaign of the ruling-class to drive down all wages to a sub-existence level. If the C.W.A. workers are defeated the whole working class will suffer.

WHILE revelations in the airmail scandal continued to excite Washington, the Army Air Corps officially took over all airmail lines. Newspapers dramatized the twenty-five flyers who "gallantly undertook to fly the Eastern zone against 'enemy' weather." America's erstwhile aviation darling, Col. Lindbergh, submitted his financial statement showing that in addition to $250,000 paid him for the use of his name, he netted $346,518 from airline earnings. With tumult and much shouting, Hoover's Postmaster - General Brown voluntarily appeared before the Black Investigating Committee. Feigning outrage at the charges of collusion and graft in airmail contracts granted during his office, he found it simply "inconceivable" that the administration with all the facts before it could "sanction such a colossal injustice" as cancellation of all contracts. Just before Brown's righteous exhibition, aviation-pioneer James Martin showed the House military affairs committee how the Curtiss-Wright, Pratt & Whitney, General Aviation, and Boeing companies split army and navy plane contracts and

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stole 75 cents on every government dollar. Another (Grumman's) testimony proved that an Andrew Mellon firm, enjoying a 100 percent aluminum monopoly, took in 10 percent of the cost of each plane. And there are probably more juicy tidbits of scandal in store.

THE real significance of the whole airmail investigation is not, of course, the graft which everyone knows exists, nor the holier-than-thou theatrics staged by the administration's vigilantes, but the objective result in added jurisdiction of the War Department. Newspaper captions sized up the situation: "Service Curtailed as Army Undertakes Huge Task"—"Speedy Bombers Take the Skyways." The U. S. Army "squared away for the biggest job it has tackled since the World War," airmail operations officially coming under the War Department on Feb. 19. National Defense Week had begun a week before. With characteristic pressure the Roosevelt administration advanced another step in its war mobilization program. And the Liberal mind, organically unable to perceive the interrelationship hidden behind every Roosevelt move, continues to cheer a vigilante gesture which has brought the United States one step nearer to a state of readiness for war. They close their eyes and stop their ears to the Communist thesis that all governmental agencies are pointed toward a new imperialist war.

FOR the second time in twenty years Cleveland grammar-school and high-school teachers are organizing themselves into a union. The school board relentlessly fought their first organization, firing at least six members for belonging to the union. The teachers went to court and obtained an injunction and a sentence against the superintendent who refused to reinstate them; but the state supreme court overruled the lower court and the union was finally smashed. This time, however, the teachers are prepared for a bitter battle. Having solidified their unionization by a long campaign of discussion and education in the merits of trade-unionism, they refuse to be intimidated by vague threats or vicious insinuations about "teachers associating with organized labor." Their heavily cut salaries long in arrears, their strength overburdened by excessive pupil-loads, they remain unmoved by threats and anti-union denunciations rolling off the tongue of William Frew

Louis Arenal

Long, professional open-shopper and general counsel of Associated Industries. For they are aware of the concrete results obtained by militant action of their colleagues in Chicago and Scranton. They are arming themselves with the strike-weapon, as their entire profession slowly comes to realize what other exploited workers knew long before 1934: that collective bargaining and militant leadership are the only means of fighting for adequate living standards; that the strike-weapon is the most effective counter-threat to all exploiters, civil-service or otherwise.

WILLIAM L. PATTERSON, Secretary of the International Labor Defense, en route to Toronto to speak at a labor meeting, was taken off the train just across the border and immediately deported because he "didn't have a return ticket." The fact that police agents readily identified him is evidence that the deportation was prearranged. Ever since Premier Bennett declared last year in a nation-wide hookup: "From now on Hitler is my model," the class-war in Canada has increased in tension. That Bennett has more than an academic interest in Hitler is now proved by an official Berlin dispatch showing that Canadian Nazi activities are directed by the newly formed National Socialist Party, which displays brownshirts, an emblem of fasces and axe, and fights against Communists and Jews. Collaboration with the government is simplified by a law similar to the United States criminal syndicalism provision: Canada's Section 98 now being applied with increased severity. Not only has the Communist Party already been outlawed but eight party leaders have been railroaded into long jail terms. Joe Derry, young Ontario worker, was arrested because he spoke against war. Needle Trades workers have been forbidden by court to picket. The Sunshine Mission is threatened with closure because of its friendliness to worker organizations. Police have even attempted to close the Toronto Needle Trades Workers' union hall on a charge of "operating without a license." In true liberal fashion the Quebec Liberal Party government declares itself opposed to Section 98 but collaborates in the anti-worker terror, standing by patriotically while newsvendors are locked up for selling labor literature. Last week the Toronto offices of the National Unemployment Council, Workers' International Relief and the Workers' School were ransacked at midnight by the Red Squad in its ruthless efforts to suppress the rise of Communism which the government fears.

AND Communism *is* gaining in Canada. Workers are becoming increasingly militant; they are fighting back the Nazi-Bennett reign with a solidarity new to Canada. Typical is their support of A. E. Smith, general secretary of the Canadian Labor Defense, who is being tried on a frame-up under Section 98 (and in whose behalf Patterson had come to speak). Northwest Mounted Police stool-pigeons charged him with publicly accusing Premier Bennett of having ordered the murder of Tim Buck, Communist leader shot at by guards in his prison cell. Although Smith is ready to clear himself by stenographic reports of his speech, leaders of the Canadian working class know enough of fascist tactics to have launched a nation-wide defense and protest campaign. They are not going to expose Smith to the fate of Tom Cacic, Canadian Communist leader supposedly deported to Jugoslavia but "mysteriously lost." In a rising wave of solidarity they have organized protest meetings along the border cities, Windsor, Toronto, etc. In Montreal a large number of French-Canadian workers held a free-speech meeting and demanded Smith's freedom. Certain Socialist elements in Toronto have joined in a united front. And workers' organizations are campaigning for defense funds. Meanwhile, their mass actions have already compelled the acquittal of four workers framed during a furniture strike. They secured, as well, the free-

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dom of Evanishovich, young Canadian worker, charged with selling working-class literature. And now Canadian labor organizations are making a nation-wide demand for restitution of their elementary democratic rights by campaigning for a million signatures to demand the rescinding of Section 98.

EVIDENTLY, things are not so bright in Germany as Nazi propaganda would have us believe. The anti-Nazi boycott is beginning to show results: German foreign trade is on the decline. "For the first time in four years," says a New York Times dispatch from Berlin, " Germany wrote her balance of trade in red ink . . . when it was revealed that in January her exports had slumped below her imports by 31,000,000 marks. . . . The trade deficit, first since January, 1930, created consternation in official circles. . . . For the first time there are bitter comments in the German press about the effects of the anti-German boycott in various lands, which have cut her exports in some instances as much as 79 percent." A secretly directed industrial survey indicates that, despite the Nazis' frantic efforts to stem the economic tide rising against them, industrial employment is rapidly decreasing. Only recently, the AEG, the world-renowned electrical supply works in Berlin, dismissed as many as 4,500 workers. Other large establishments are reporting similar wholesale dismissals: Radio-Seibt, 700 skilled workers; Petrix, 200 highly specialized workers, etc. During the month of January, the Berlin Central Transit Company has laid off more than one thousand workmen. The government claims that this action was merely intended as a house cleaning for the purpose of turning those jobs over to trusted Nazi members. So far, however, there is little indication of new workers being placed in the old jobs. Together with falling foreign trade and increasing unemployment, there is taking place a steady reduction in the gold holdings of the Reichsbank. Facts are stubborn things. Neither invocations to the Aryan gods, nor fulminations against Marxists, Jews, Asiatics, and everybody else will change matters. As always, the Junker mind blames the whole world but itself. Characteristically, Dr. Alfred Hugenberg, in his Lokal Anzeiger, already prepares an excuse for Nazi bankruptcy. "If," says he, "at the new transfer conference in April the Reichsbank finds itself forced to suspend debt payments entirely, the creditors will know where the responsibility rests." Surely that knowledge will be as gratifying to the creditors as it no doubt is proving to the debtors.

PREPARATIONS for imperialist war are accompanied by war propaganda in every conceivable form. A particularly vicious type of war ballyhoo is the pseudo-scientific efforts to prove that the future conflict will really not be very destructive. It is a lot of tommy-rot, experts assert, to say that there will be a wholesale slaughter of soldiers and civilians. Some people will be killed, of course, but not enough to be really noticed. In fact, gas warfare is humane. It is a grand therapeutic for tuberculosis, common colds and impotence. And those few people who die from too much therapy, die with sound lungs and noses that don't run and not in the nasty fashion of soldiers who are torn to bits by shrapnel. Dr. Francis A. Freeth, chief research chemist of the Imperial Chemical Industries, Ltd. (the British chemical trust) is one of those jolly chemists who laughs at the bad horrors of war. "If during a gas raid you got into a hot bath, smoked a pipe and laughed you would be practically completely safe." Those persons who do not like the notion of trying to laugh at gases that make you cough out your insides, or that eat right through gas-mask, clothes and flesh, will have to wait until the doctor "devises a simple and cheap form of apparatus to protect effectively the entire population." Since there is no such protection against at least half a dozen gases, it may cheer them up to learn that Dr. Freeth does not consider the problem "very difficult." Indeed, according to the doctor, the really important thing is that there are lots of silly people who talk nonsense about poison gases and the chemical industry that makes profits on these ethereal forms of death. He claims that "the amount of nonsense talked about the chemical industry and poison gas is beyond belief. Every chemical industry in the world necessarily uses all sorts of poisonous material commercially, but the idea that the chemical industry is perpetually trying to produce deadly gases for war purposes is utter nonsense." Will someone please show the professor a list of chemical workers who have died from picric acid poisoning, veterans who are spitting their lungs out from the therapeutic gas treatment they received in the last war, and the huge dividend records of Schneider-Creusot, Skoda, Imperial Chemical Industries and the Duponts.

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Self-Portrait of a Socialist Leader

THE interview with Dr. Otto Bauer, leader of the Austrian Social-Democracy, which the New York Times published Feb. 19, is an historical document of the first importance. It is rarely enough that we are accorded a complete revelation of the backstage maneuvers of politicians who appear in the limelight as friends and guides of the working class. Sometimes we must wait years before getting, in dead men's memoirs, even an inkling of the secret deals, the compromises and the betrayals. But this time, while the Fascist guns were still snuffing out workers' lives in Vienna, while the hangman was still preparing the scaffold for his first victims, borne across the ocean by wireless and carrying unmistakable evidences of authenticity, there came this statement of Bauer's, this complete, and first hand, and utterly shameless exposition of the Social-Democratic leadership's fatal policy for the past year.

Dr. Bauer is quoted:

> In the first weeks of March our leaders were still in close personal contact with Dollfuss and frequently tried to get him to agree to a constitutional solution. At the end of March he promised our leader, Dr. Denneberg, personally that at the beginning of April he would open negotiations with us for the reform of the Constitution.
>
> This promise he never fulfilled, for at the beginning of April he passed over definitely to the Fascist camp (although he concealed it from other countries) and refused to speak to any of the Socialists.
>
> When he said he could not see the existing leaders we offered to send him other negotiators. He refused sharply. As we could not see him again we tried to negotiate through other people. Honestly, we left no stone unturned.

Except one — the only stone that would have ground the Fascist Dollfuss to dust—a united front of all workers, and mass action. The Communist Party of Austria proposed such a united front "to enforce the cancellation of the Dollfull emergency decrees by mobilizing the entire trade union power of the workers —to form a proletarian united front for the disarming and dissolution of both Fascist groups, the Nazis and the Heimwehr, against all wage cuts, against all reductions in unemployed benefits, etc., etc." To this proposal the Social-Democratic leaders, headed by Dr. Bauer, did not even reply. Dr. Bauer had other plans:

> We approached President Miklas. He said his conscience was greatly troubled by breaches of the Constitution but that he was powerless.
>
> Then we tried the clerical politicians, whom we had known for a long time. I will not disguise for a moment that we found a great deal of good-will and anxiety to come to terms and make peace among the clericals, Dr. Dollfuss's own people. But everything was shattered on the stubborn resistance of Dollfuss, who simply refused to hear of the Socialists again.
>
> A group of religious Socialists got together with a group of Catholic democrats and tried to induce the church to intervene. This also failed. The Cardinal Archbishop of Vienna, Dr. Innitzer, always received us in a friendly way but he could do nothing.
>
> This was the fault of the Bishop of Linz and the Papal Nuncio, Mgr. Sibylla, who both pushed the government to Fascist extremes, saying, "Now is the moment to destroy socialism forever."
>
> We offered to make the greatest concessions that a democratic and socialistic party has ever made. We let Dolfuss know that if he would only pass a bill through Parliament we would accept a measure authorizing the government to govern by decree without Parliament for two years, on two conditions only—that a small Parliamentary committee, in which the government had a majority, should be able to criticize decrees and that a constitutional court, the only protection against breaches of the Constitution, should be restored. Dollfuss refused.

They ran — these "leaders" of the working class—to the president; they crawled before church dignitaries; they fawned on the little Napoleon-mad Dollfuss and offered anything—anything—including acquiescence in a Fascist dictatorship, if only they might be listened to, and allowed to talk things over. It was Dollfuss who spoiled it all; it was the Bishop of Linz, it was the Papal Nuncio that were at fault. Never a suggestion of self-criticism, never a doubt, even now, with the workers slaughtered and his party wrecked, crosses Dr. Bauer's mind that his policy may not have been correct. True, he has omitted to mention that on April 2 the Socialist mayor of Vienna, Seitz, agreed to permit the dissolution of the "Schutzbund," the Vienna workers' armed force. Dollfuss agreed in exchange to dissolve the Fascist Heimwehr. Next day Dollfuss rescinded the order dissolving the Heimwehr—and Seitz admitted a week later, publicly, that he knew Dollfuss would double-cross him, that he had no intention of dissolving the Heimwehr.

The Dollfuss dictatorship advanced step by step, and the Social Democratic leadership retreated. In April all strikes were prohibited — and the leading Social-Democratic paper advised the workers to accept this abolition of their most fundamental right. The reason? If the workers fought the Dollfuss government on this point, the Nazis would step in! Again the theory of the "lesser evil" that enlisted for Hindenberg the support of the German Social-Democrats. In June the Communist Party was declared illegal, all its property and press confiscated. Fascist army generals were appointed as "security commissars" in the various provinces. The Social-Democratic press welcomed their appointment—the generals repaid this welcome later by shooting down the Socialist workers. A delegation of Communist workers again brought a united front proposal to a Social-Democratic conference in Vienna, proposing mass demonstrations, mass political strikes, and solidarity with the German workers against Hitler. The Social Democratic leaders would not even permit the Communist delegates to enter the conference hall.

Dr. Bauer is now at the threshold of the slaughter house to which his policy has led the Austrian workers. He says:

> In our parliamentary committee in October, we announced that a general strike would take place if any one of four things, but only these things, should occur. You know these conditions. They were that if the government imposed a Fascist constitution on the country, if a government commissar were appointed in Vienna, or if our party or the trade unions were dissolved we would strike. Our party stuck to the last to these four points.
>
> The dissatisfaction and agitation of the workers against the conservative policy of our party committee grew as the government provocations increased. The workers said the government was making itself

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"NO, NO! MUSTN'T TOUCH! THAT'S FOR THE R.F.C.!"

William Gropper

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more powerful militarily, was wearing down our spirit and was choosing its own time to attack us. Excitement rose to a fever pitch during the last weeks.

And now at last the admission forces its way out. "The dissatisfaction and agitation of the workers." They knew, the workers knew. A year before, with 66 percent of the vote cast for them, they knew themselves invincible. A general strike *then* would have made the workers absolute masters of Austria, would have raised an impassable wall against Nazi propagandists on all the frontiers. They were dissatisfied, and had been clamoring to be led into action against the Fascists, Austrian or German. But the party committee's policy was "conservative." And so Bauer goes on, quite unaware of the self-indictment he is uttering, completing the picture of the workers of a Social Democratic leader's mind:

> Then came the Heimwehr revolution in the provinces, when the armed Heimwehr arose and demanded under arms from the governors of the provinces a whole series of breaches of the Constitution.
>
> How illegal it was for the Heimwehr to have these arms you will understand when I reveal to you that the only reason General Vaugoin, a great anti-Socialist and Minister of War almost since the foundation of the republic, had to resign his position in September was that he refused to yield to Dollfuss's demand to give 16,000 rifles to the Heimwehr. As soon as Vaugoin was gone Dollfuss had the rifles issued.
>
> Last Sunday night in Vienna a comrade coming from Linz warned me that the workers of Linz were highly indignant and alarmed over the Heimwehr action and had declared that if any further action were taken to deprive them of their arms they would defend themselves for the sake of the Republic.

Now, what does a leader do, what does he think, in a situation like this? He has gained nothing by trying to make a united front with the Fascists; his own policy lies in utter ruin. The dictatorship has moved to disarm the workers — after that, concentration camps, torture houses, the scaffold. But the workers tell this leader that they, who have been ready to fight for a year, will now fight at all costs, that they will refuse to be delivered over helpless to the Fascist regime. This is what a Social-Democratic leader thinks about and does, in such a case:

> I was alarmed to hear of this spirit, and after discussion with my informant we both decided that urgent messages must be sent to the workers to keep cool. I arranged for them to be told that if we in Viennna could submit patiently to an arms search in party headquarters they must try to do the same. Apparently the message arrived too late.

After this, the beginning of the search of workers' homes for arms, the complete realization of the workers that they were being prepared for the status of slaves of the Fascist dictatorship, and finally, heroic resistance against great odds.

The whole world now knows of that heroic stand of the workers. Their great Karl Marxhof in Vienna stands in ruins; but it is not as completely destroyed as is the prestige of that Social-Democratic leadership which disarmed the workers when they could have won, and which now, even now, has learned nothing from the bitter lesson.

The Lesson of Madison Sq. Garden

THE EPISODE at Madison Square Garden last Friday where the workers of New York demonstrated their urge toward unity was nauseatingly distorted by the capitalist press. This was to be expected. Any working-class action toward self-assertion, particularly one of such magnitude and significance, was bound to arouse the utmost malice of the ruling class. Their scribes jumped at the opportunity. Their lackeys ran forward with distortions, misrepresentations and lies.

The headlines shouted gleefully: Communists and Socialists cracking each others' heads. Newspapers of capitalism burlesqued the united front. *More than any other sign of mass awakening, they fear the surge toward solidarity; the success of which spells capitalism's doom.* Historic conditions dictate working class unity, which is bound to come despite every obstacle. The lesson of Germany and Austria this past year is being heeded by the masses; they realize victory or defeat depends on the measure of unity they achieve.

What happened at Madison Square Garden? Did a horde of Communist barbarians sweep down to disrupt and wreck? What are the facts?

On Wednesday, Feb. 14, representatives of the Student League for Industrial Democracy, the Young People's Socialist League, and the League for Industrial Democracy, called on the national office of the Communist Party, proposing a united front demonstration in New York City. The Communists immediately agreed. The representatives met at the Communist headquarters, joint arrangements were drawn up and set in type. The Daily Worker, official organ of the Communist Party, delayed its edition for half an hour in order to publish the joint appeal. Just as the paper was going to press, calling for united demonstration at 4:30 the following day at the Austrian consulate, a representative of the Socialist City Committee, Jack Altman, appeared on the scene at the Communist headquarters. He persuaded the other Socialists to abandon the idea of the joint appeal. The manifesto for united action was torn from the special edition just as it went to press.

What happened the next day at Forty Second Street and Fifth Avenue is now well known. Socialist and Communist workers, arriving almost simultaneously, did demonstrate together, did resist jointly when the police attacked, did proclaim proletarian solidarity with their Austrian brothers. Banners of the Socialist garment workers called upon all to "Join the United Front Against Fascism." Communist workers with similar banners responded.

That night, following a call of the Communist Party, ten thousand workers at the Bronx Coliseum passed a resolution urging united front.

Friday morning, February 16, the special edition of the Daily Worker carried a manifesto: "Communist Appeal to Socialist Workers." It declared:

> Bullets, gallows, concentration camps, tortures, the destruction of all civil liberties, hit the workers without regard for which

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party they belong, just as unemployment, wage-cuts, speed up in the shops, hit the workers without regard to which party they belong. Hitler and Dollfuss torture and kill Communists as well as Socialists and non-party workers, just as the American capitalists exploit every worker without regard to party affiliation, and fire him whenever they want to.

After criticizing the Socialist leadership in Germany and Austria for fighting Bolshevism in order to "save" these countries "for Dollfuss and Hitler," it proceeded to an analysis of the various issues upon which a united front of all workers could be formed: unemployment, cleansing the A. F. of L. reactionary unions, organization of unions of their own, the right to strike, the struggle against white chauvinism and lynching, struggle against war and Fascism.

The concluding paragraphs of the manifesto are particularly illuminating of the Communist united front position:

> These Socialist and Communist workers can jointly strive to establish a fighting proletarian united front in these questions of life and death for the working class, and the competition between Communist and Socialist workers in this struggle must be a *brotherly* competition. Those who are the best, the most courageous, the most unselfish fighters, shall be honored by the workers, shall be the leaders in the shop, on the picket lines, in the trade unions, among the unemployed, and in demonstrations.
>
> If the Socialist leaders want to help establish such a united front, the united front of struggle, we Communists are ready. We have repeatedly called upon the Socialist leaders for such united struggle. But each time they have refused! We do not set forth as a condition that they accept our program, *that they may not criticize us as much as they like. We do not set forth such conditions for them, and we demand the same right to retain our program, and the right to criticize.*
>
> The only condition that we do set forth, is that an honest, uncompromising struggle be conducted for the demands in which all workers are interested ,who want to struggle against misery and threatening Fascism. But at the same time, we appeal to all workers: Do not wait for decisions from above, but build up the fighting united front in every shop, in every trade union, on every picket line, among the unemployed. The quicker, the more mightily this is done, the more successful will be the struggle for the destruction of Fascism.

Madison Square, Friday at 3 p.m., was a significant commingling of approximately twenty-five thousand workers called out in a general political strike. Socialist-controlled unions and those of the Trade Union Unity League left their machines and benches and poured into Madison Square Garden. The Socialist leaders had invited Matthew Woll and Mayor La Guardia to speak. Woll is acting president of the National Civic Federation, an organization of notorious open-shop employers including T. Coleman Du Pont, billionaire munition maker; Marshall Field, banker; Daniel Willard, president of the B. & O. railroad; and James W. Gerard, former U. S. Ambassador to Germany, staunch supporter of the Hitler regime. Bitterly anti-Soviet, Woll has been mixed up with Grover Whalen in the infamous anti-Soviet forgery case. The well paying job of the American Federation of Labor does not exhaust his time or energies: he is also a high officer in the Union Life Insurance Company, in the Sportsmanship Brotherhood, etc. La Guardia, wage cutting, strikebreaking mayor, whose police only the day before had ridden down these workers, today was to speak on behalf of the Austrian revolutionists.

When Communists and workers from the Trade Union Unity League arrived, they were frisked at the door, searched for Communist literature, just as thugs are searched for concealed weapons. Their banners were taken away from them. Inside they were to hear diatribe after diatribe—not against Dollfuss or Hitler, but the Communist Party.

What happened afterward is perhaps best told by Clarence Hathaway, editor of the Daily Worker:

> The striking workers gathered in Madison Square Garden, demonstrating their support of the heroic Austrian workers, found themselves faced with a situation in which a large section of the meeting demanding working class unity in the struggle against Fascism, was roused to protest against the provocative speeches of the chairman and those who followed him, after having previously been deeply incensed against the announced united front with Matthew Woll, the most open fascist spokesman and enemy of Socialism in the American Federation of Labor.
>
> Notwithstanding the fact that these workers in their loudly expressed and natural protests were justified, they were, however, in this situation falling into the trap of these provocateurs.
>
> I appealed to the workers where I was sitting and succeeded quickly in restoring complete order in that section. After similarly quieting the crowd in another section, I went to the platform to propose to the chairman that I be permitted to make a one-minute appeal for perfect order in the meeting. The chairman, without a word of answer, struck me a heavy blow in the face, and was immediately joined by the other leaders on the platform in a vicious assault on me in which blows from fists and chairs and kicks, were administered by the whole group.
>
> I appeal to the Socialist and Communist workers not to allow anybody to use these incidents to widen the breach between them. The magnificent solidarity demonstration of the great political strike in support of the Austrian revolutionary workers must be made the beginning of welding a solid unification below.

On the radio, in the press, through all publicity media, the Socialists kept repeating that they did not invite the Communists to the Garden. How can they explain away their invitation of Woll and La Guardia and their refusal to "invite" the Communists, the only workers in the vanguard of militant struggle here and in all other countries?

How can the Socialists explain their refusal to participate in the following united front actions proposed by the Communists in recent months:

1—The Tom Mooney conference
2—The anti-war congress
3—The Scottsboro conferences
4—The unemployment struggles.

How can they explain their failure to act on the proposal last March proffered by the Central Committees of all Communist parties to the Central Committees of all Socialist parties for united front actions against Fascism?

Because the Communists insist on criticising Socialist leadership? But then the Communists do not claim for themselves immunity from criticism. That the Communists are not sincere? But revolutionary sincerity is best revealed in the militancy of their struggles in the interests of the masses. A maneuver? Yes, a maneuver to unify the working-class, with or without the Socialist leadership. If seeking unity of the working-class be "maneuvering," let all opposed to unity make the best of it.

The arrogant and cynical attitude of the Socialist leadership regarding the burning need for the united front is best exemplified in their own organ, the New Leader (Feb. 17th). On page 12 under the headline "Party Settles 'United Front' in California" appears the following dispatch by W. Scott Lewis, chairman of the party in that state:

> The question of the "united front" was *settled decisively* [italics ours] in this state by the state convention of the Socialist

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Party which met in Los Angeles February 10 and 11. The introduction of this question into the convention immediately precipitated a crisis which all party members knew was approaching. As soon as the matter was brought up by motion from the floor, a delegation from the Communist Party arrived at the door, and passed in a letter requesting to be allowed to speak. This request was denied by an overwhelming vote, whereupon sympathizers arose and yelling that the convention was railroading the matter, called upon all who wanted to form a real working-class Socialist party to walk out.

In his concluding paragraph Mr. Lewis speaks of the "abortive attempt by the Communists to wreck (!) the party." By what stretch of what peculiar imagination Mr. Lewis discerns a nefarious plot to wreck the Socialist party in a mere letter delivered at the door is more than we can tell. Here the Communists came with no red banners flying: here no Hathaway "leaped on a platform"; nobody violated in the slightest manner the sacred tenets of parliamentarism. Nevertheless it was "wrecking," it was "splitting," it was "insufferably caddish." It was "playing the role of hangman of the working-class." The Socialist leadership is determined to "settle" the united front; in California they "settled" it in one fashion, in New York they "settled" it by wielding a chair over the head of the Communist Hathaway.

Neither bludgeonings, nor evasions, nor lies will "settle" the question of united front. This the masses themselves will settle one way or another: either by forcing the reluctant Socialist leadership to accept unity, or by surging over the heads of the leadership to a genuine, indestructible united front. History demands the united front: united front we shall have, the broadest possible united front against Fascism, hunger, war!

Listen to the Speaker

BORIS ISRAEL

We gathered together on this street corner,
flanked by the glory of all that is lost
for us. Turning our backs in pain on the window
marked *Eat.* Listen. Stop for a moment
and listen. Huddle together on the open corner
and let us protect each other from the wind
and the pain. Let us listen and watch
the pointed finger of the man
speaking to us on the corner.
Like us, speaking to us and pointing
a direction with a sharp fist, held hard
into the wind.

Next to me, huddling closer, the beggar
making me shudder ever so slightly, feeling
a naked absence at his side and mine:
Soldier, you have lost a leg
and the last shred of dignity was soaked
red into the ground as you lay there, bleeding.
Soldier, the emptiness makes me shudder,
thinking, work is gone, pay, little things
like new shoes laces for a dime, the movie
on Sunday, your girl or mine, the landlady
puffing as she climbed the stairs Saturday night,
greedy for rent. These things
are no more and the girl next you
might have loved you or me, might have
been my girl, thinking now of an emptiness,
an abortion that might have been
a boy called Peter or a girl
named Mary. I'll never know. I left my last fifty
for the operation and didn't have the nerve
to see it through. You, too, did you have a girl
once, whom you couldn't go back to, unwhole?
It's the emptiness, the lost things, buddy. I left her
with fifty bucks and an emptiness,
to seek a direction.

Come closer, you have lost
a leg; I, too, have lost things—all of us
now listening to the speaker who opens his hands wide,
and not only his hands alone, offering things.
He is like us,
all of us here on the open corner. Let us open our hands,
offering each to the other. Come closer
and listen to the word *comrades*
cutting across the wind. Listen,
warming the clenched hands in the cool pockets
and tearing the eyes from gold letters
on the steamed window: *Eat.*

Not always, on street corners, must the maimed
and the losers stamp the feet slowly. I hear you,
beggar, mutter the curses. I ask you, comrade,
the question of direction. Let the sailor,
stopping for a moment and merging
his uniform with ours, tell us
of rudderless ships and crews
divided. And listen to the speaker
telling me of men like myself
and men like you, and girls
like the one next to you with pretty legs
shivering in torn stockings, men and girls
going somewhere and knowing
the direction. Listen to the speaker,
holding his clenched fist as a symbol
in the wind. Not always, he says,
and a hundred others speak on other corners.
Maybe a thousand or more.

We
shall cough and clear the throat a moment,
cough and sing in strange and unaccustomed tones
the simple words of a song. The fist
will swing in time and we shall sing
Solidarity Forever in strained and scattered voices,
but stronger as we learn
the words, saying powerful things.

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We're Back in Sing Sing

STANLEY BURNSHAW

MASS PRESSURE has gained a victory against the barring of labor literature at Sing Sing, and THE NEW MASSES congratulates those of its readers who sent protests to Warden Lewis E. Lawes in response to our editorial suggestion. On Feb. 15th complete files of the NEW MASSES and the Labor Defender passed into the hands of Samuel Weinstein, Prisoner 87248. We had insisted that Weinstein, as a political prisoner (serving a two to four year sentence as a result of a frame-up during a furniture workers' strike) was entitled to read class-war literature. Warden Lawes had replied: "I cannot recognize political prisoners as such." And the New York Times, Feb. 2nd, quoted him as banning "four publications which contain such things as exaggerated pictures of police beating up people."

On Feb. 15th a delegation from the National Committee for the Defense of Political Prisoners went to see Warden Lawes and he told them that he had changed his mind. When representatives from THE NEW MASSES and Labor Defender produced photographs of police beating up demonstrators before the Austrian Consulate the day before, the Warden replied that the "New York Times must have misquoted" him. Indeed, it turned out that the Warden's sole objections to THE NEW MASSES were based not on politics but on Adolf Dehn's cartoons of two priests. Quoting one of the titles—"I had the sweetest confession this morning"—the Warden branded the cartoon "unfair."

In an attempt to explain prison censorship regulations Lawes failed to make clear just how books and periodicals are judged, and comments from his subordinates only added to the confusion. It appears, however, that books for the prison library are approved by Director Wyer of the New York State Library; that periodicals and other books are judged by the Sing Sing censor, Father McCaffery, who bars nothing without the Warden's knowledge. "I'm the board of discretion," Lawes admitted, and until two weeks ago all liberal literature was supposed to be barred in accordance with the banned list compiled in 1920 by the National Defense Commission. Compared with other prisons in the state, the Warden explained, Sing Sing is a model of progress. But even Sing Sing, he added, until recently had been guided by a black list of literature. Two weeks ago protests in behalf of four blacklisted labor publications made such a weighty contribution to the Warden's daily mail that he modified the law "on his own initiative"!

"Can every prisoner now have these labor publications?" he was asked.

"No. It is an individual proposition." And Father McCaffery will continue to examine all periodicals, clip daily papers whenever "it is deemed desirable," and to bar what are in his opinion "fantastic drawings," all this with the knowledge of the Warden. "I can't see what all the shootin's for," exclaimed the good father. "I'm very liberal. I've let in Lenin and Trotsky and everything else. Karl Marx and everything." And he hastened to justify his excessive broadmindedness on the grounds that he didn't think the prisoners could understand these books anyway. But as for pictures—well, that's a different story. Almost "any prisoner could be incited to acts of violence" by inflammatory cartoons. (Artists please note.)

"Since you've now allowed THE NEW MASSES, Warden, I'd like to leave a complete file of weekly issues for Weinstein."

"All right," Lawes answered. "I have no objection but I do object to his passing it on to others. I won't allow indiscriminate passing around yet. I may be wrong; I may change my mind." Whereupon the delegation initiated discussion of the status of political prisoners. The prison psychiatrist entered the discussion.

"From the psychiatrist's viewpoint," Dr. Baker was asked, "can't you make a distinction between a political prisoner and a criminal?"

"Yes, but not in this prison. We don't have political prisoners legally. My idea of a political prisoner is a person guilty of an offense against the government."

"Do you consider Tom Mooney a political prisoner?"

"Who? What's his name?"

It was necessary to tell this prison official of seven years' experience just who Tom Mooney is and how he was framed. Then the doctor chided his questioner for being "confused" about Mooney's status. Baker went on: "Take your Mr. Weinstein. He got into trouble picketing. He got into prison because he injured a man [Weinstein was in the Bronx at the time the assault of which he was convicted took place in Brooklyn] and he's the same as all other prisoners. Maybe he had different political ideas before he came here. I don't know about that. No prisoner is here because of politics and religion. The warden can't recognize political prisoners. We can't recognize prisoners as framed."

Mr. Lawes added that he would have considered Jim Larkin, Gitlow and Ferguson political prisoners because they opposed the government during the World War. Men indicted because of strike activity in the class war, however, cannot be recognized as political prisoners—as yet.

But the fact that revolutionary literature is now allowed to *certain prisoners only,* implies their recognition as political prisoners. The fact that a complete file of THE NEW MASSES has been accepted establishes a basis for protesting against any future censorship which may be imposed at Sing Sing. And of considerable significance is the precedent which mass pressure has forced Warden Lawes to establish: *that revolutionary literature now reaches certain prisoners whose sole qualification for this privilege is their specific criminal record—militant activity in the class war.*

Using this victory at Sing Sing as a precedent, the National Committee for the Defense of Political Prisoners and the International Labor Defense will file protests against prison censorship throughout the country. They will test the legality of prison censorship laws. The results achieved by NEW MASSES readers and other sympathizers who protested to Warden Lawes and forced THE NEW MASSES and Labor Defender into the cells of Sing Sing is proof that mass pressure can and will force the recognition of political prisoners as such.

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The Little Poison Flower

MARGUERITE YOUNG

WASHINGTON.

WHENEVER Charles Edward Coughlin propels his 185 pounds of Right Reverend bulk to the little black disc, lifts his poppy pink face until its second chin disappears and opens his mouth to preach a radio sermon, an announcer heralds "The Golden Hour of the Little Flower."

But silver, the white metal that is the speculators' delight, has had much to do with the approach of the Priest of the Little Flower's golden hour. Silver, Holy Church, and a precious pack of sleight-of-hand men from the freak tents of Wall Street, publicity wizards for several enterprises including breweries, and small fry capitalists who have angeled everything from company unionism to Khaki Shirtism to that middle class "radicalism" which is the classic trail blazer for Fascism.

Father Coughlin is no mean demagogue.

Consider. The Roosevelt Administration has stepped out along the primrose monetary path indicated by Father Coughlin and his associates of the Committee for the Nation at least five times during the past year. Advance copies of Coughlin speeches go forth as confidential guidance to the customers of a private investment counsel service priced as high as $25,000 per customer per six months. The Chairman of a House Committee recently introduced him as "one of the greatest monetary experts in this country." Hollywood clamors for Coughlin, reports of its offers for his appearance in just one movie ranging up to $500,000. He is building, with non-union labor, a $1,000,000 church. It is anybody's guess how many working and middle class listeners are swallowing the slow poison of Coughlin's harangues against bankers-in-the-abstract, birth control and Bolshevism: estimates number his radio audience from ten to thirty millions.

His attraction of public attention began with his attacks, from his pulpit in Royal Oak, Michigan, upon Soviet Russia. So vitriolic were these assaults that they won the benevolence of Harry Jung, Chicago business man who helped finance the American Alliance, Representative Hamilton Fish's Red-Baiting weapon. Father Coughlin became, in the words of John R. Robinson, in the magazine, "Real America," Harry Jung's "ace gunner." Hardly to be compared with this early progress, however, is that which followed his meeting early in 1932 with a red-necked little fellow with an eager, placating manner—George L. LeBlanc, the broker who runs the investment service and collects the coin for Coughlin advances, the original articulate inflationist of America and a key force in the formation of the Committee for the Nation. It was in that meeting Father Coughlin became a monetary expert. LeBlanc went to Coughlin to talk about money, particularly the advantages from his viewpoint of the debasement of currency.

LeBlanc had good reasons for that viewpoint and even better ones for wanting Coughlin to sell it to the country through the microphone. For more than two years LeBlanc had dogged the steps of Wall Street financial writers, press agents, brokers and editors, advocating inflation in any form, even cashing soldiers' bonus certificates. In vain! For the most part, the words had evaporated in passing from ear to brain, and LeBlanc's "copy" was tossed into the wastebaskets by hilarious financial writers. They regarded him as a harmless bug. Canadian born like Father Coughlin, he had been New York manager for the American Express, vice-president of the Equitable Trust Company and President of the Interstate Trust Company, but in 1930 he had branched out for himself as a free-lance. Then his clamor for inflation began, as did his "earnings" from speculation, particularly in silver. He got together later with Robert Vose and Robert Harriss, of the stock and commodity commission house of Harriss, Vose and Co. Harriss was Queens Borough campaign manager for Joseph V. McKee, late "Recovery" candidate for mayor of New York.

From this group the newspapers received letters signed by "twenty-four prominent business men," chiefly LeBlanc and associates, ever more avidly seeking inflation. Then Harriss thought of Coughlin. Upon what *quid pro quo* they agreed, if any, I do not know. But I am informed that Coughlin is known today as a "good customer" in the silver market, that recently he was in daily telephonic communication with at least one market representative, and that he journeyed there in person immediately upon the public announcement that the United States Treasury was investigating the holdings of silver. It is rumored that LeBlanc and his associates have built fortunes during the Roosevelt Regime. And then there are the Coughlin advances that filter through, along with strong advice to buy silver, in the confidential service from LeBlanc's office at 1 Wall Street, appropriately opposite picturesque Trinity Church. Father Coughlin began broadcasting money "reform," devaluation and other inflationary measures, immediately after the meeting with LeBlanc.

Father Coughlin has the instinct of a Will Rogers for the lowest common denominator of his audiences. When he counseled the House Coinage Committee in favor of the Roosevelt dollar-devaluation bill and its "follow through" (further steps toward greenbackism) the big room was filled with local faithfuls. He noted this as he walked to the table, quietly sat down, lit a cigarette, and swept the spectators with a benign smile, whereafter he never bestowed a glance upon them. Let less subtle fellows stand and fawn! Coughlin devoted himself to striking poses for the news photographers and pouring out a stream of wisecrack-interspersed "economics" to dazzle the committee and the press. Let the Huey Longs shout! Father Coughlin intoned. Immaculate, the picture of the affluent gentleman cleric, he spoke a curious commingling of Oxford and some other, possibly his Irish-Canadian, accents. It was particularly impressive when he dwelt upon what the Lord Mayor of Bombay said about symmetalism, "when he came to my house." His blue eyes could be brimful of disingenuous naivete, as when he declared that his interest in currency really began when missionaries came home from the Far East and reported it was tough to sell American Christianity to Orientals who complained, "You won't let us buy your bathtubs." In such a way this Holy Father speaks arrant nonsense.

He can be arrogant too, as he was when Senator Gore of Oklahoma mildly remarked that the higher the price of silver (Coughlin would double it, at least) the more difficult it is for the Oriental to buy those bathtubs with their silver money.

'It reminds me," said Gore, "of a fellow I was talking to about this the other day. He wound up by saying he didn't give a damn about the Chinese! . . . Now, wouldn't we actually be hurting the Chinese by what you propose for them?"

"We've *been* hurting him," Father Coughlin absolved himself, "for five hundred years."

He understands the exploitation of mystery also, and practices it in the Little Flower. He works in an office on the sixth floor of his cross-shaped tower, which shoots up 150 feet above the main highway, twelve miles from Detroit. To reach this sanctum, he passes through several locked doors, opened by secret pushbuttons. Here Father Coughlin immures himself as a mediaeval monk to prepare his sermons (material often supplied from Washington by Senator Thomas of Oklahoma, Congressional trumpet of the Committee for the Nation). Two assistant priests are Coughlins secretaries, but he employs 150 girls to handle radio mail in his postoffice-like basement.

Son of an American steamer-stoker who became a church sexton and then a business man, Father Coughlin was born just forty-two years ago in Ontario. His parentage makes him an American citizen. The foundations

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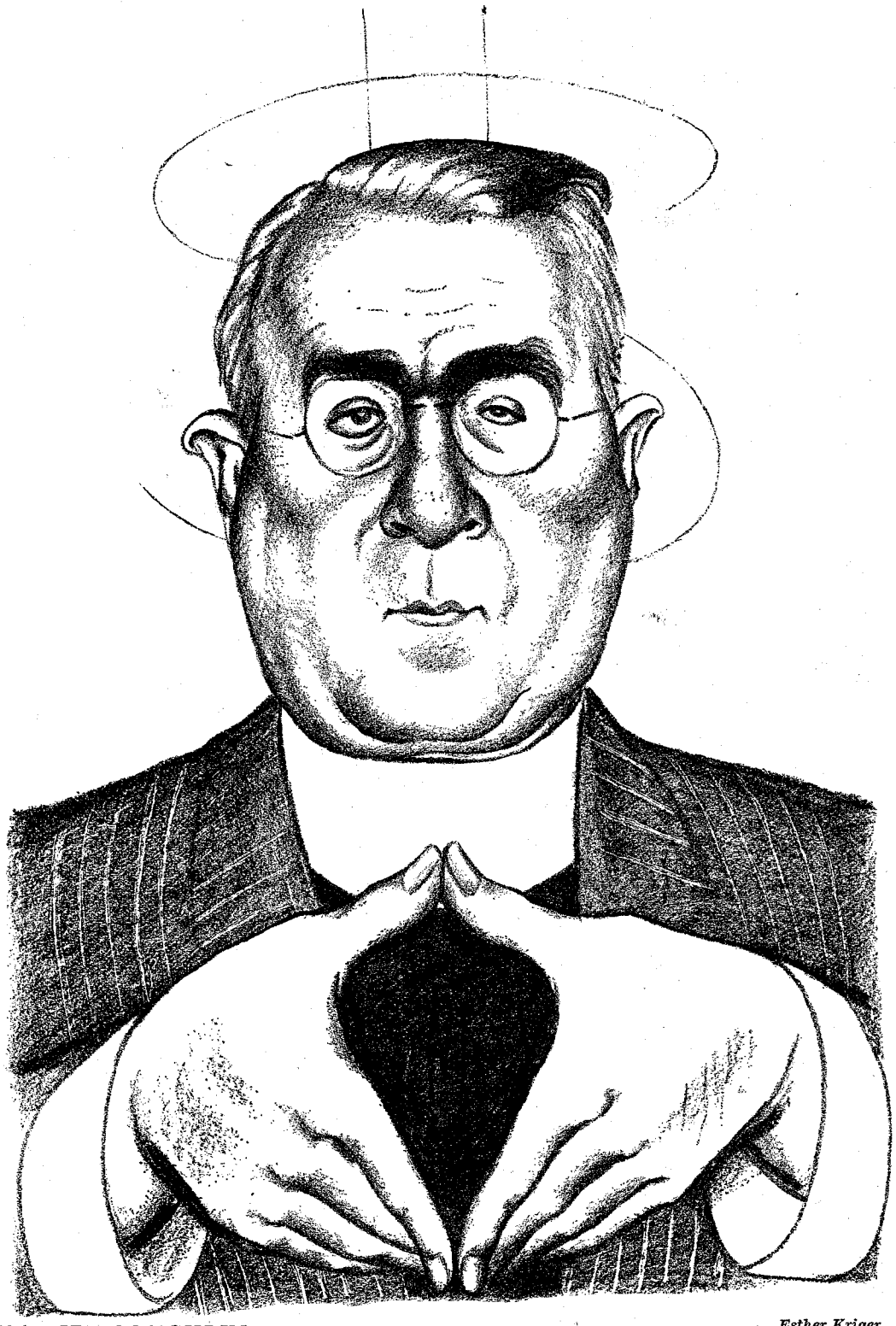

FATHER COUGHLIN *Esther Kriger*

of his "Christian Capitalism"—orthodox Roman Catholicism with all its sophistry and sickening sublimation of the working class' subjugation — he absorbed from parochial schools and St. Michael's College, Toronto.

He was ordained in 1916 and was first assigned as a priest to the struggling parish of North Branch, Michigan, in 1924. In two years he got out of that; he was removed to the new Parish of Royal Oak, where he cunningly procured for his church a location right beside the highroad. I have heard that the Catholic Fisher Brothers gave him a hand financially at this point. Almost immediately a radio appeared in his pulpit, the project carefully sold to the congregation beforehand. Frank Ward, a Detroit press agent and promoter, figured in the broadcasting arrangements and become the Father's Boswell. Previously Father Coughlin had expressed interest in gaining publicity in national magazines, perhaps in a magazine of his own.

About two years later came the Harry Jung episode. And then, in 1930, Washington contacts—with Representative Louis McFadden, the Pennsylvania wild man anti-Semite who has since been directly identified with Art Smith and his fascist Khaki Shirts; and John Knox, sensational newspaper man who flared into transient fame for his book, *The Great Mistake,* a muck-raking of Herbert Hoover. These two supplied the sparklers for a series of Coughlin castigations of "depression," "mass production," and "the ill distribution of wealth." Without, however, any specific suggestions about wages, or the inherence in capitalism of ill distribution of goods and money. The next year Coughlin added prohibition to his repertoire, his radio maw being stuffed by a press agent of one of the major Southwest breweries.

Meanwhile a Radio League had been formed by the sisters of the Little Flower, to collect the cost of the broadcasting. They secured this—and more. Solicitations were obtained from the fans through tactful establishment of the relation between prayers and contributions. These contributions still are said to pay the broadcasting bill ($380,000 for 1933). The way it works was graphically explained by John Kryzak in worker correspondence printed in the Daily Worker on January 27 last.

Father Coughlin, reported Kryzak, a war veteran, "sent me an order blank asking for a donation and asking me what to pray for: for prosperity, for the President, etc., etc." A member of Congress has a similar letter, which he promises to make public anon, suggesting that the Coughlin fan might send a donation since he must have a small son, or friends who have a small son who plays truant and needs to be prayed for. This is not precisely news, of course, since Mother Church for centuries has made business of selling indulgences and masses.

What more admirable megaphone for the Committee for the Nation than that of the Little Flower? The Committee was formed in November following the dicker between Coughlin and LeBlanc in 1932. The relations between the two groups are obvious: Senator Thomas proudly proclaims that he and Coughlin and the Committee are all working together; and Coughlin makes no bones about his association with LeBlanc. It was LeBlanc who took Coughlin to New York for the famous Hippodrome meeting at which Coughlin spoke last winter.

The Committee is perhaps the most dangerous organ of American fascism-in-embryo. It claims a membership of nearly 2,000 "industrial leaders"—among them exporters, brokers, general speculators, malodorous and reactionary farm cooperatives, unidentified "capitalists." Chairman of the Directing Committee—J. H. Rand, Jr., of Remington-Rand, whose typewriter factory at Ilion, New York, is seething with mechanics who are kicking up in best militant tradition against young Rand's company union! Directing Committee—Frederic H. Frazier, chairman, General Baking Co.; Vincent Bendix, president, Bendix Aviation Corp.; Lessing J. Rosenwald, chairman, Sears, Roebuck & Co.; F. H. Sexauer, president, Dairymen's League Cooperative Association, Inc.; and young Rand. Present also in the Committee's working force are Frank H. Vanderlip, the doddering angel of Technocracy-That-Was, former head of National City, and several sometime-celebrated capitalist economists.

Professor Irving Fisher of Yale recently tes-

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tified for the capstone of the Committee's latest inflation program—a bill to place absolute control of the buying of silver and gold, etc.—the whole field of currency—in the hands of a "Federal Monetary Authority" who could turn on the printing presses and throw the switch away. Discussing this, Fisher urged that the members of the "Authority" be paid a yearly salary of $50,000 apiece. To a suggestion that these "Authority" members should sever business and financial connections, the Professor stroked his Van Dyke: "That would never do! With a provision like that in the law, we'd never get an Andrew Mellon on the Authority."

To appreciate the portent of the Committee's program, one has but to glance at the record of past performance:

Embargo of gold, demanded by the Committee February, 1933; proclaimed by President Roosevelt early the next month;

Cessation by the government of pegging the dollar in international exchange, demanded by the Committee on April 6; dollar cut loose from gold by the President, April 19;

Free gold market in New York, demanded by the Committee May 18; free exportation of newly-mined American gold established by the Treasury August 29;

Currency stabilization at the World Economic Conference, opposed by the Committee through May and June; formally rejected by the President July 3.

In addition, Senator Thomas attached to the Agricultural Adjustment Act an authorization for the issuance of $3,000,000,000 in new currency. And then there are the gold-buying and dollar-devaluation programs—

Most of the Committee's barrages of letters and telegrams to Administration advisors, Senators and Representatives, and the White House, are made public with all fanfare. One which was confidential, however, was telegraphed to Roosevelt while he was enjoying the simple pleasure of a ride on the Presidential Yacht, Sequoia, on October 21 last.

This telegram recited the needs of the nation in that "crucial hour" and wound up as follows: "Our Committee again urges you to use before it is too late the power conferred on you by Congress to raise adequately the price of gold and the price level. Our Committee's ten months of exhaustive research show that either a steady increase in the price of gold or immediate revaluation at $41.34 (50 percent out in gold content) is the only measure by which we can deal successfully with the problems of farm relief, reemployment and national solvency."

Late the next night, the President himself stood before a microphone. He recapitulated his recovery program and wound up: "It is the government's policy to restore the price level . . . The United States must take firmly in its own hands the control of the gold value of our dollar . . . Therefore, under the clearly defined authority of existing law, I am authorizing the Reconstruction Finance Corporation to buy newly mined gold in the United States at prices to be determined from time to time . . . Whenever necessary to the end in view, we shall also buy or sell gold in the world market."

There followed immediately the "steady increase in the price of gold" which the Committee proposed as one alternative, and within a few months, the Committee's other alternative also, the formal "revaluation." The only difference was that the price of gold was $35 instead of the proposed $41.34. Approximately 40 percent out, instead of 50 percent. The enabling legislation gave the President authority to slide to the Committee's full 50 should he see fit.

The rank and file of the Committee's Midwest and Southern membership are perhaps as significant as the easterners who get things done so well. They are relatively small, high-cost producers who would go to the wall at continued low price levels. The boys of the back room of Wall Street, the giants of finance capital, probably would have preferred to let devaluation take its course. Should the crisis deepen still further and mass unrest break out, however, the big boys would very likely ally themselves with the Committee for the Nation crowd to put forward a "new leader," a dictator. The Committee might very well emerge as a kind of Fascist Grand Council, though assiduously avoiding the term. It includes, even now, a number of younger tired liberals of the declassed-entrepreneur type, who would howl at the thought of "Fascism," but who speak earnestly of their "silent revolution." I understand that one who credits himself with having given the Committee its first push in the Midwest is fond of saying that this "revolution" must be rallied "not around higher-wages slogans, but around something like abolishing taxes."

Surely the Rasputin role of avowed Power-Behind-the-Dictator would not be unsavory to the Radio Crusader of Royal Oak. Mercurial, opportunistic to the extreme, he forgot about the soldiers' bonus (opposed by Roosevelt) when he became Heaven's Blue Eagle of the New Deal. He has dropped men, shifting personal friends and benefactors, as he has issues. And he can move left and right at the same time. His one recent concrete word for labor was a suggestion of a minimum wage of 80 cents an hour. When he was asked to testify on it before the House Labor Committee, he replied that he had "other engagements." Someone apparently had slipped him a divine inspiration that the thing wasn't pat. It is my guess that "Christian Capitalism," as well as the Committee, has at least the tolerance of J. P. Morgan and Company. This very month finds Father Coughlin featured in Fortune, the classiest class magazine of them all, the Ticker Tape Social-Registered.

Happily, however, not all of labor, even Catholic labor, swallowed the Little Flower whole. One of the resolutions that died of bureaucratitis in the American Federation of Labor convention last October declared Coughlin a hypocrite and urged the convention to brand him "unfair to organized labor" and "no longer entitled to financial support from any trade unionists." It was introduced by the International Typographical Union, whose membership includes Roman Catholics. It said Father Coughlin "persisted in the policy of securing the publishing of his weekly radio talk and other printed matter in non-union printing offices." It added: "He is engaged at the present time in the erection of a new edifice at Royal Oak, in which he has publicly announced that the so-called 'open shop' will prevail and whereon building trades mechanics are being employed as skilled labor at unskilled labor wages. This manifest hostility to organized labor and union wages manifested by the Rev. Coughlin in his own activities as an employer are contrary to the precepts he has preached in his weekly sermons."

Holy Church would be less specific. It has Cardinal O'Connell warning his New England followers: "Don't be swept off your feet by mere oratory or hysterical harangue"; while Notre Dame confers an honorary degree upon Father Coughlin; and Monsigneur J. A. Ryan, director of Social Action of the National Catholic Welfare Conference and leading "Left Front" of Holy Church's powerful social-economic lobby in the Capital, gives the benediction: "I do not agree with everything he says, but—as regards the issue between those who believe in and those who oppose social justice, Father Coughlin is on the side of the angels. Let him make all the mistakes he likes; he is stirring up the popular mind and that has to be done [for "Christian Capitalism" against the "Red Serpent"—M. Y.]. The masses are sluggish minded and have not shown any faint sign of rebellion until recently [viz., Homestead, Pullman, Steel 1919, and summer and fall strikes 1933.—M. Y.]. The Recovery Program, opposed by the moneyed interests [c.f. Pierre S. Dupont, munitions millionaire: "I went to Washington thinking . . . that the NRA was an upsetting influence in business and in labor conditions. . . . I confess that I have been completely converted in my opinion. . . . I am more than enthusiastic now."—M. Y.] cannot be carried through on an intellectual plane alone. The masses must be enlisted to fight for it. . . . Father Coughlin is arranging that kind of thing to a considerable extent."

Catholic priests belonging to the Jesuits and other orders take vows of poverty, obedience and chastity. Father Coughlin is not one of them. He is a secular priest. These have greater freedom. For them the vow of poverty is waived. As to Father Coughlin's obedience, we may take the words of his immediate superior, Bishop Michael J. Gallagher of Detroit: "Father Coughlin has preached no heresy He is fulfilling the mandate of Leo and Pius. I shall not interfere," and the blessing of "Fortune": "One thing is certain: Father Coughlin is no iconoclast."

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The Chief Task Now

R. PALME DUTT

(The following article, presenting a brief exposition of Lenin's views on the dictatorship of the proletariat and world revolution, is included in R. Palme Dutt's forthcoming book The Life and Teachings of Lenin *which is to appear shortly under the imprint of International Publishers.)*

IN HIS pamphlet, *The Chief Task of Our Times* (first published in Izvestia, March 14, 1918 and republished in pamphlet form), Lenin wrote:

> The human race is passing through great and difficult changes which have (one can say it without the least exaggeration) a world-liberating significance. The world is passing to the war of the oppressed against the oppressors. In this new war the oppressed are struggling for liberation from the yoke of capitalism; from the abyss of suffering, torment, hunger and brutalization; they desire to pass onward to the bright future of a communist society, to universal well-being and a secure peace."

and again

> Outside of Socialism there is no deliverance of humanity from wars, from hunger, from the destruction of millions and millions of human beings.
>
> *(In Louis Blanc's Footsteps,* Pravda, April 21, 1917.)

The centre of Lenin's teaching was to make conscious that the world revolution was no longer a dream of the future, but was the direct, urgent, indispensable task of the present stage; that the objective conditions were already fully present in this final stage of "rotten-ripe" dying capitalism; that it was urgently essential for the subjective factor of the world proletariat to become conscious of the situation and act; and that delay could only mean ever increasing "torment, hunger and brutalization," "the destruction of millions and millions of human beings." The two decades, since 1914 have abundantly shown the truth of this, as the imperialist world, through delay of the revolution, advances through increasing crisis towards a new world war.

Lenin approached the problems and conception of the world revolution in an extremely living, concrete, realistic fashion. It was for him no dream of a millenium, or sudden conquest of power to be achieved overnight in a few glorious battles by the international working class. It was, on the contrary, a whole epoch, extending probably over decades. Marx had already written in 1850 (in his "Revelations on the Communist Trial at Cologne"):

> We say to the workers:—"You will have to go through fifteen, twenty, fifty years of civil wars and international wars, not only in order to change existing conditions, but also in order to change yourselves and fit yourselves for the exercise of political power."

In the same way Lenin wrote:

> The transition from capitalism to socialism occupies an entire historical epoch.
>
> *(The Proletarian Revolution, Ch. III.)*

More explicitly, Lenin wrote:

> The Socialist revolution cannot take place in any other form than that of an epoch, uniting the civil war of the proletariat against the bourgeoisie in the leading countries with a whole series of democratic, revolutionary and national-emancipatory movements in the undeveloped, backward and oppressed countries. Why is this? It is because capitalism develops unequally.
>
> *(On a Caricature of Marxism and Imperialist Economism, 1916.)*

Here Lenin brings out his key thought for the character and development of the world revolution. What Marx had described in general terms of "fifteen, twenty, fifty years of civil wars and international wars," Lenin is able to describe in concrete terms, on the basis of his analysis of imperialism. The process of the world revolution is directly connected with the law of the unequal development of capitalism. In place of the old conception, common among the Second International distorters of Marxism, of a separate mechanical evolution of each country, as if in isolation, through the stages of capitalism and large-scale capitalism to socialism (leading to a constant bowing to capitalism in the name of "Marxism"), the world framework of capitalism is seen as a whole, with the bursting points of contradiction, "the weakest links in the chain," where the revolution begins.

Imperialism has drawn the whole world closely into a single complex, no longer merely in the sense of the old bare uniformity of the world market, but in a whole series of stages of dependence and servitude, colonial countries, debtor countries, defeated countries, etc., reaching up in a pyramid to the final handful of financial oligarchies at the top, who are in turn at war among themselves and in constantly changing relations of strength. It is manifest that the struggle for liberation here can only be correctly understood as a single struggle, and not in artificial compartments. All the contradictions of capitalism reach their highest point in the conditions of imperialism: first, the struggle of the proletariat against the bourgeoisie in the leading imperialist countries; second, the struggle of the colonial peoples for liberation from the imperialist yoke; third, the conflict of the imperialist powers among themselves; and fourth—in the post-war stage—the conflict of imperialism against the new rising workers' power, the Soviet Union. Through the combined development of all these conflicts the world revolution develops. "Imperialism," said Lenin, "is the eve of the socialist revolution."

Just as the proletariat in each country leads the struggle of all the exploited masses, so on the world scale the international proletariat leads the struggle of the colonial peoples for liberation from imperialism. It is the alliance of the proletariat in the leading imperialist countries and of the colonial masses fighting for liberation that is able to lead to the successful overthrow of imperialism. This develops as a process over many years, of separate struggles in different parts of the world, of imperialist wars and civil wars, of victories and defeats, to the growing extension of the base of the socialist revolution, and final victory of the world revolution.

If the centre of Lenin's teaching is the understanding of the task of the world revolution as the urgent task of the present stage, the practical expression of this is the dictatorship of the proletariat.

Once again the theoretical formulation by Marx of the dictatorship of the proletariat as the necessary form of the transition to socialism, and as the essence of his revolutionary teachings, repeated by him in his writings from beginning to end, is brought to concrete realization and new living actuality by Lenin.

The teachings of Marx and Engels on the dictatorship of the proletariat became overlaid and forgotten after their death by the leaders of the Second International, who became soaked in bourgeois parliamentarism. Marx and Engels had taught the workers to use the forms of parliamentarism and universal suffrage solely in order to organize the forces of the working class for the inevitable final struggle, which could only take the form of civil war. But the leaders of the Second International began to see the sham parliamentary forms as the realities of power, and to preach the anti-Marxist doctrine of the possibility of "pure democracy" within capitalism and the "conquest of power" by the proletariat through bourgeois parliaments. Where this road of the so-called "democratic advance to socialism" was to lead became fully demonstrated with the war and after, when they became completely united with the capitalist state against the workers, and ended finally in surrender to fascism.

Lenin revived the revolutionary Marxist teaching of the dictatorship of the proletariat. He pricked the bubble of bourgeois democracy. He reminded his hearers of

> the idea explained with the greatest scientific accuracy by Marx and Engels, when they said that the democratic bourgeois republic was nothing but an apparatus for the oppression of the working class by the bourgeois class, of the working masses by a handful of capitalists.
>
> *(Bourgeois Democracy and the Dictatorship of the Proletariat, 1919.)*

He wrote:

> Bourgeois democracy, while constituting a great historical advance in comparison with feudalism,

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> nevertheless remains, and cannot but remain, a very limited, a very hypocritical institution, a paradise for the rich and a trap and a delusion for the exploited and for the poor.
> (*The Proletarian Revolution, Ch. II.*)

In a thousand ways, with living examples from Britain, France and the United States, he showed the hypocrisy of the supposed "freedom" of the workers under bourgeois democracy, and the reality of the dictatorship of the big capitalists.

The state, Marx had taught, is only "the executive committee of the ruling class." Under capitalism the state is the organ of the capitalist dictatorship. The only alternative is the dictatorship of the proletariat.

> In capitalist society there can be no middle course between the capitalist dictatorship and proletarian dictatorship. Any dream of a third course is merely the reactionary lament of the lower middle class.
> (*Bourgeois Democracy and the Dictatorship of the Proletariat.*)

The dictatorship of the proletariat is realized by the overthrow of the capitalist state machine, and the establishment of the working class as the ruling class through new organs of workers' rule—the soviets or councils of workers' delegates. Thus is brought into being a new type of democracy, Soviet democracy or proletarian democracy—a thousand times more democratic, as Lenin constantly insisted, than bourgeois democracy, because for the first time drawing the masses directly into the work of administration and executive decision.

Lenin was not anti-democratic, as his enemies and some ignorant bourgeois admirers allege. On the contrary, it was because he was genuinely and profoundly democratic that he fought with such hatred the sham of bourgeois democracy, and fought for proletarian democracy as a very much higher democratic form, and as leading, through the abolition of classes, to the realization for the first time of the real and complete freedom of equality, of classless society.

The dictatorship of the proletariat is a dictatorship of the immense majority against the minority of exploiters. It is the necessary weapon to carry through the class struggle to completion, to destroy the remains of the old order and build the new order.

> The dictatorship of the proletariat is the fiercest, deepest cutting, most merciless war of the new class against the most powerful enemy, the bourgeoisie, whose power of resistance increases tenfold after its overthrow, even though overthrown in only one country. The power of the bourgeoisie rests not alone upon International Capital, upon the strong international connections of this class, but also upon the *force of habit,* on the force of small industry, of which unfortunately there is plenty left, and which daily, hourly gives birth to capitalism and bourgeoisie spontaneously and upon a large scale. Because of all this the dictatorship of the proletariat is indispensable. Victory over the bourgeoisie is impossible without a long, persistent, desperate life-and-death struggle, a struggle which requires constancy, discipline, firmness, inflexibility and concerted will-power.
> (*Left Communism, Ch. II.*)

And again

> The dictatorship of the proletariat is a resolute, persistent struggle against the forces and traditions of the old society; a struggle that is both bloody and unbloody, both violent and peaceful, both military and economic, both educational and administrative. (*Left Communism, Ch. V.*)

But the dictatorship of the proletariat is only a transitional form. As it completes its task, with the final ending of all forms of bourgeois resistance and the abolition of classes, the state as machine of coercion disappears and gives place to communist society, or the equal participation of the masses in economic and social administration and cultural life.

> The annihilation of the power of the State is the aim all Socialists have had in view, first and foremost among them Marx. Without the realization of this aim, true democracy, that is, liberty and equality, is unattainable. It can only be achieved by the Soviet or proletarian democracy; for this system prepares at the very outset for the "withering away" of any form of State by bringing forward the mass organizations of the working people into a constant and absolute participation in State administration.
> (*Bourgeois Democracy and the Dictatorship of the Proletariat.*)

Nazi Plague Spots of Europe

ALBERT ALLEN

(Only a few weeks ago an appeal for a united pan-Aryan front of kindred movements was issued by the Nazis from Berlin through the Welt Dienst, a propaganda service published in three languages for private circulation among Aryans throughout the world. Invited to the united front were the Iron Guard of Roumania, the Rozwoj of Poland, the National Association of Greece (E.E.E.), the Awakening Magyars of Hungary, the Lappos of Finland and the pro-Nazi organizations in Switzerland, Latvia and Lithuania.

The following article deals with Nazi activities in these countries and others on the continent wherein Hitlerism has, either by direct propaganda, the power of example or alliance with native Fascists, kindled the fires of reaction.—THE EDITORS.*)*

Czechoslovakia

IF AUSTRIA is secured for Germany the waves of National Socialism might easily engulf this land which juts more than half its distance into the Austro-German frontier like a sandbar in an angry ocean. Just what resistance Czechoslovakia can be expected to offer may, to some extent, be judged by the present laxity of its government in dealing with National Socialism within its borders.

Nazi propaganda has been directed chiefly at counteracting anti-Nazi propaganda emanating from Prague. This is being done through terrorism and espionage among the refugees. The killing of Dr. Theodor Lessing which attracted world attention, was only one of an organized series of kidnapings, beatings and murders by Nazi storm troops, both German and Czech, often with the connivance of the Czech police and frontier guards. A secondary purpose is to win the support of the almost 4,000,000 Germans living in Czechoslovakia to demand *Anschluss* with Germany. Appeals for loyalty to the Fatherland are coupled with economic pressure exerted chiefly upon border folk living in Bohemia, many of whom work or trade in Saxony. Support is put on a business basis. Join with us or lose your living in Saxony, say the Nazis.

Although the government has outlawed the National Socialists party and confiscated its property, the Nazis continue to operate from within sport clubs, notably the Volksport, and other German Societies. The government officially professes an attitude of impartiality striking out against the left as well as the right. Actually, however, by suppressing working class self-defense groups, it operates in the interests of Fascism.

This is further borne out by the fact that it has taken no strong action to put down the Fascist movement of General Gadja, the Nationale Fascisten Gemeinde, which enjoys the support of leading Czech industrialists. Nor for that matter has it taken pains to put down the pro-Hitler National League led by Stribrny.

Roumania

Nazi propaganda has made more headway in Roumania than anywhere else in the Balkans. It has culminated in the assassination of Premier Ion G. Duca by Iron Guardists. And in the opinion of every responsible foreign correspondent, there is no doubt that the greater part of the support of the Iron Guard has come from Germany. The

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CHALLENGING ***THE WORLD*** *Phil Bard*

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Voelkischer Beobachter, Hitler's mouthpiece, practically admits responsibility for Duca's death by boasting that that event was intended "as a signal to the Jews and to the French who are manipulating to prevent Roumania from coming into close contact with modern Germany." This admission taken together with the tone with which the Beobachter speaks of Iron Guard plans further implicates the Nazis. It is no wonder then that Zelea Cordreanu, Guardist leader, fleeing arrest, should have chosen Germany as a refuge. There he would be most certain to receive a cordial reception as did Stephan Tarterscu before him. Tarterscu had been received by Hitler himself, and had conferred with several Nazi leaders on a line of action to be pursued in Roumania. Nazi leaders are known to have expressed disapproval of the division of Fascist forces in Roumania. So that upon his return, Tarterscu set about to bring the Iron Guard and the Cuzists (he had been connected with both these organizations), and whatever other miscellaneous sympathetic elements there were, into the newly organized Nazi Christian Fascist Party. The unification was not achieved.

The Christian National League of Professor A. C. Cuza is still the largest group and was represented until the recent elections by eleven deputies in the Parliament. After the appointment of Duca, the Cuzists together with the Iron Guard were ordered dissolved and denied the right to participate in the coming elections. The Cuzists wear blue shirts, duplicate the National Socialist lack of program, and sing a national anthem closely resembling the *Horst Wessel* song. They maintain assault battalions which engage in terrorism.

In addition to the three major Fascist organizations there is a National Agrarian Party, headed by Octavian Gorga, who has recently returned from Berlin, and a Christian National Socialist Party known also as the Damians. Both are sympathetic to Hitler and anti-Semitic.

Greece

Nazis in Greece are constituted in the "E.E.E." otherwise known as the National Association of Hellas. This organization is held responsible for the disastrous fire in the Jewish quarter of Saloniki a few years ago. It is said to number some 10,000 supporters, a substantial part of whom are storm troopers. Chicly uniformed, they wear brown shirts and steel helmets, a sort of fusion of the S.A. and Stahlhelm. Their symbol is the swastika which they brazenly paint on synagogue walls next to the initials "E.E.E." The cross is a second symbol, generally carrying the accompanying legend: "This sign is our salvation."

Too much reliance, however, is not placed in the efficacy of symbol number two. Force is required to hasten salvation and force is encouraged against Jews in the Jew-baiting sheet Makedonia published in Saloniki. During the past year the "E.E.E.", fearing government action, reconstituted itself as a political party and is thus immune. Its chief propaganda organ is Adialaktos, edited by M. Fardis, former editor of Makedonia. Recently an exchange of visits took place between members of the "E.E.E." and German Nazis.

Former Premier Venizelos, war-time dictator of Greece, and leader of the "liberal" party is one of the supporters of the "E.E.E."

Poland

There are several Nazi and kindred organizations in Poland, and their membership runs into tens of thousands. There are Brown Shirts, Purple Shirts and Yellow Shirts. But there are more than one organization to a shirt. We find German National Socialists, Polish National Socialists, National Democrats, the Obwiapol, Rozwoj and other combinations of Hitlerites. The first named are out and out Hitlerites, usually German nationals. The Polish Nazi party enrolls Polish citizens who side with Hitler. It has been dissolved in Kattowice and was entirely outlawed in Polish Upper Silesia by Silesian authorities. It continues to function, nevertheless. Strong measures were also taken by the government against the National Democrats or as they are popuplarly called Endeks. Its party militia numbering 10,000 has been dissolved by the government. The official organ of the Endeks is the Gazetta Warsawska, which advocates the complete elimination of Jews from the professions. Of a similar character is Bliskowza, published by Nazis in Kattowice. Authorities have closed down the central office of the anti-Semitic Democratic Mutual Aid Organization, the last of the legalized Endek organizations, which has been responsible for much of the rioting at the universities. The notorious anti-Jewish boycott organization Roswoj has been disbanded as well. A terroristic organization called the National Revolutionary Organization connected with the Obwiapol has been banned. In Eastern Galicia, Ukrainian White Guards have joined with Nazis in stirring up the peasantry against the Jews. The result has been a campaign of terror no less widespread or cruel than that prevailing in Germany.

Switzerland

The avowed purpose of Nazi propaganda in Switzerland is to "free the 2,800,000 Germans living under the Swiss yoke." To that end storm troops have staged military demonstrations along the Swiss frontier and have gone so far as to cross the border and kidnap Swiss residents. The New York Herald Tribune of August 28 described Nazi violation of Swiss soil as a weekly occurrence.

Within Switzerland there is a multiplicity of Hitlerite groups, which fail to agree among themselves. There is the National Front led by Sonderegger, an ex-general in the Swiss army; the Bund Nationale Socialischer Eidgenosson, which does not conceal its admiration for Hitler yet denies receiving financial support from Germany. Its identity with the Nazi movement is conspicuously evident in its trappings as well as its ideology. It flies the swastika, calls upon Aryans to awake, sings its song to the tune of the *Horst Wessel* and maintains a storm troop division. There are also the Eidgenoessische Front which is outspokenly anti-labor, the Bund Fuer Volk and Heimat, which looks for agrarian support; the Vaterlaendische Front which is Germanophile and the Union Nationale which is Hitlerism in French.

Since the Swiss law permits all citizens of military age to keep arms in their homes for mobilization on an hour's notice, Fascists have been able to arm themselves without difficulty.

Belgium

Nazis operate in Belgium through the so-called Dinasa movement (an abbreviated term denoting Germanic National Solidarity) and other anti-Semitic organizations. Co-operating with them is the Maximalist Flemish Party, which in contradistinction to the Minimalists, demand absolute Flemish independence from Belgium. The Verdinasos, as they are called, have a program strongly resembling Hitler's. They regard the Dutch and Flemish peoples as of Germanic origin and for that reason are co-operating with Nazis in Holland for ultimate pan-Germanism. Their leader is a literary man named Van Severen, who has a wild hatred of France. He is popularly referred to as "Hitlerke." The movement makes an especial appeal to enlist peasants. Its symbol is a ploughshare, a saw and a wheel, standing for the union of the peasantry, the proletariat and the army. The Verdinasos are particularly active in Eastern Flanders. Recently, to disguise their philo-Germanism, the Verdinasos had their Brown House in Gehnt repainted green.

Hungary

Although Premier Gomboes has assured American Hungarians that he will not tolerate Hitlerism in Hungary, he continues to wink at their activities. The basis for Gomboes' friendship with Germany seems to be the desire for German help in revision of Hungary's frontiers. The attitude of the Hungarian government is succinctly put in the statement by former Minister of Justice Magy, who once declared: "If necessary we shall ally ourselves with the devil to obtain our rights."

Nazi activities in Hungary reached a head in widespread rioting in almost every university and high school in the country. In response to pressure, Premier Gomboes was compelled to take action against the Nazis. He ordered the confiscation of Nemzeti Szocialista, official organ of the Hungarian Nazi party. The Nazi leaders Ladislaus Lengyel, Boeszermenyi, and Olah were ar-

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rested. The leader of the party, Deputy Mesko, enjoys parliamentary immunity. Count Alexander Festetic, one of Gomboes wealthy supporters, resigned from the government party as a result of Gomboes' anti-Nazi acts and announced his intention of devoting his wealth to building a Nazi party. Outstanding Hungarian Nazi leaders, in addition to those already mentioned, are Czillern, Boszermeny and Archduke Albrecht, a Hapsburg, who was at one time a candidate for the Hungarian throne.

Sweden

Notwithstanding their promise to refrain from propaganda in Sweden the Nazis have been working there ceaselessly. They are divided into two camps—Swedish and German Nazis. But despite the attempt to picture them as mutually antagonistic, there is no essential difference between them. According to Emil Lengyel, the split in the Nazi ranks occurred when Birger Furugaard, Swedish Nazi leader failed to reach an agreement with Premier Goering concerning the delivery of North Sweden to the German Nazis. Goering offered Furugaard subsidies if he would undertake to turn over provinces in North Sweden to German colonization when the Swedish Nazis took power at Stockholm. Furugaard refused and made public his conversation with Goering. The Nazis then divided, Furugaard leading one camp and Goering the other. The official organ of the Swedish Nazis is Our Struggle. Edited by Furugaard himself, it is violently anti-Semitic. Supporting him are ex-army men who are eager to shake their uniforms free of camphor balls and bark orders once more. Recently a foreign consultant was reported to have been engaged to put the party over. He is Major Ekstroem, a native of Sweden, until recently in Finland.

The spiritual father of the National-socialistika, Arbeter Parteit, is Premier Goering, who having observed Sweden from a cell of a Stockholm lunatic asylum, considers himself competent to direct the Swedish appeal. Late in October he visited Stockholm to accelerate the pace of organization. The Nazis here have a fighting troop patterned after the German S.A. Their banner represents a golden swastika on a blue field with a red border line.

The Swedish government has taken only minimum precautions in the face of Nazi provocations. It has banned political uniforms, tightened somewhat the restrictions on the possession of firearms and just lately closed the Nazi headquarters in Stockholm.

Finland

The National Patriots work with the German Nazis in Finland toward establishing Fascism here. The Patriots succeeded the Lapua movement of 1929, which had been suspended by the Supreme Court after the abduction of ex-president Stahlberg. It is intimately connected with the church, has functioning nuclei in every parish, and is demanding greater emphasis on religion and nationalism in the schools. It would restrict citizenship only to those "belonging to the nation, racially, culturally and historically." Lately, Nazi propaganda has been seriously impaired due to the trade war which has sprung up between Finland and Germany.

Norway

When Nazism reared its head in the Norse country, Norwegian "socialists" promptly met the situation by abandoning their "socialism." Afraid of the fire of the Nazis under Major Vidquin Quisling, leader of the Norwegian Nazis, and at the same time wishing to steal their thunder, the "socialists" changed their color from Marxist pink to monarchial white.

The Nazis are organized into the National Union under the leadership of Quisling. At one time, the Defense Minister Quisling had an intimate knowledge of the Norwegian system of defense which should serve him in good stead in military manoeuvers against the government. The Quisling movement came into existence as early as 1931 and was called the "unified Nordic folk movement." It is definitely anti-Marxist, anti-Semitic and outspokenly pro-German. Sometime ago it was reorganized into the present "Norwegian Samnaung," issues a paper called the A B C, and has for its symbol a golden cross on a red field. It received as many as 30,000 votes in the last election.

Baltic States

In the Baltic States the Nazi movement was organized and founded by Alfred Rosenberg, former minister of the Nazi party, a native Esthonian and former Russian subject. There is no mistaking his purpose. He would use a consolidated Hitlerite Baltic bloc as a base of operations from which to attack Soviet Russia. Working toward such a combination is a Nazi organization called the Baltic Federation under the leadership of the German military. In addition there are seperate Nazi organizations in these states seeking to gain control through "constitutional" means. In Danzig they have already been successful. The free city of Danzig bartered its freedom last June for the Hockenkreutz. Although ostensibly a ward of the League of Nations, Danzig is now ruled by a Nazi senate. Herman Rauchning, president of the senate, is virtual dictator. The High Commissioner, Dr. Rosting, is powerless, having no control over the forces of law and order. Danzig continues to be a point of dissension between Poland and Germany.

Latvia

Notwithstanding a decision by the Latvian parliament to suppress all Nazi organizations and newspapers throughout the country, the last few months have seen a rapid development of Nazi forces. Attacks on workers and Jews by the Latvian Nazis or Perkonkrustnieki occur almost daily. The boldest stroke the Nazis have attempted was to demand that the government deprive Latvian Jews of the right to vote, to own property, and to receive trade licenses. The Nazis in Riga are constituted into two organizations with but a single purpose. The Liberation League and the significantly named Blue Eagle. The former publish a paper called the Jaunakas Sinds, whose angel, Benjaminosh, has been active in White Guard intrigues against the Soviet Union.

Holland

On the surface the Dutch government is against the Nazis. It is aware that the Nazis have open designs on the coal mines in South Limburg and ultimately hope to swallow Holland whole. Following disorders in frontier towns by uniformed Nazis, the government forbade all Germans wearing brown shirts and other Nazi emblems to cross the border. A police order in the Heerlen mining district about this time prohibited foreigners living in this section to cross the Dutch frontier and take part in Nazi activities in Germany. Violators were subject to deportation. Konrad Tykfer, regional leader of the Nazis, was expelled from Limburg and now conducts his activities from Aachem on the other side of the border.

There is a hitch to Dutch opposition, however. Of the twenty-odd Fascist groups in Holland, the only one countenanced by the government is the organization led by A. A. Mussert. Ideologically the Mussert organization is close to the Hitler movement and because it enjoys a monopoly of legal protection many Nazis find it more expedient to operate from within that group. There is strong evidence of complicity on the part of Mussert followers with Nazis in the apprehension and deportation of anti-Fascist workers in Holland. It is an open secret, also, that Mussert has tried to get financial subsidies from Berlin and has in all likelihood succeeded. For his paper, De Deitsche Gedachter, has recently been enlarged. Also operating in collusion with the Nazis in spying upon and terrorizing anti-Fascists are the Black Shirts led by the Englishman Haighton. The Black Shirts who joined hands with the Nazis at the Schlaegter memorial, are supported by German industrialists and function as a sort of auxiliary body to the Dutch National Socialists.

The central headquarters of the N.S.D.A.P. are in Amsterdam, administered by one Patzig, who also is in charge of an active esionage division. Assisting Patzig in putting Hitler across is Dr. Van Rappard, a Dutchman, who edits a magazine called the National Socialist, which advocates an enlarged German empire of which Holland would be a part. Dr. Van Rappard maintains close contact with the Central Propaganda Bureau of Dr. Goebbels and visits Berlin frequently.

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"Like Them Bahlsheviks"

JOHN L. SPIVAK

A BIG MAN with a booming voice and a ready smile for everyone got on the train at Meridian, Miss. When he passed my seat in the smoker he greeted me with a loud and genial "Hi—."

I put him down mentally as a politician. Subsequently, in a long talk we had together while he munched at an apple, I found that I was right. He was Marion W. Reily, a Meridian lawyer who had once almost been elected Governor of the state.

Reily as the trial lawyer of his firm is constantly traveling about Mississippi. We talked of workers, farmers, business men—what happened to them since the depression, how they felt, what they thought, what he, as one of the leaders in the state, felt and thought.

"You know," he said in a confidential tone, "there are too many people altogether. What we need is a war. That'll thin 'em out and start things humming again. The trouble is I can't seem to get anyone to agree with me." He shook his head regretfully. "The American Legion boys aren't saying much, but there isn't a one who isn't sorry he went over."

"Sentiment's against war?"

"Yes, but that doesn't mean anything. You know how it is. When the flag waving starts and the band starts playing and everybody's making speeches about atrocities—everything changes then. It can be whipped up easily."

The candidate for Governor did not approve of federal relief.

"Just as long as the government keeps pouring money into the state they're going to keep taking charity. But it's not this willingness to take charity that's bothering me so much as everybody talking about imposing higher personal taxes. What scares me is when you get a man like my partner who has more money than I have saying that the government ought to redistribute the wealth of the country. He says it is right, morally and legally, for a government whose people are starving, to confiscate part or all of the wealth in the hands of a few. You'd be surprised how many people are talking like that now, substantial citizens, too, who are ready to have their own money taxed heavily if the same is done to the huge fortunes.

"They think the whole cause of the depression is the concentration of wealth in the hands of a few. There's a good deal of unrest in this state and a lot of sentiment against the rich. They feel that the government has not only allowed, but helped the rich to get richer at the expense of the poor. And feeling the way they do, I tell you I'm afraid to think of what might happen if government money stops coming in here.

"Take Meridian, for instance. More of an industrial town because of the railroad shops. It's always been a strong union place and you'd expect that sort of talk, but now you find it in the farming areas. Now these union men were pretty conservative, but you know what happened? They and a lot of unemployed organized themselves and demanded that the C.W.A. money be turned over to them for distribution instead of to public officials. That's what's the matter with labor. They just seem to want somebody of their own picking to handle everything. They don't trust the man in public office any more.

"Well, sir, I tell you it looked like trouble. They were so mad when they were turned down that they were going to smash the C.W.A. office. There was plenty trouble in the air. I had to talk to 'em—I'm a union lawyer, you know, and they know I'm always for the working man—and a couple of other leading citizens talked to 'em and told them to get back of the President. We finally managed to keep that unemployed meeting from breaking up in a riot."

Reily thinks the solution to the depression is to put men back to work on the land where they can grow their own food.

"If everybody works the land and grows his own vegetables, they'll have enough to eat."

"How will they get money for clothes and taxes?"

"Sell their produce."

"To whom—if everybody works the land?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"It's beyond me," he said finally. "What do you think?"

The puzzled politician left the train in Jackson. A few miles out of the city a farmer got on—a heavy-set, unshaved fellow with a red face and hands hardened by long years of toil. From the window we glimpsed groups of Negroes or whites half hidden by swirls of smoke rising from their burning fields.

"What are they doing?" I asked.

"Burnin' trash. Gettin' ready for plowin'. They got to burn last year's trash because one-horse plows don't dig deep enough to plow everything under."

"You own your own land?"

"No, sir. I'm a tenant farmer. Share cropper, some calls it."

"Things any better for you now the government's guaranteeing ten cents a pound for cotton and paying the farmer not to plow all of his land?"

He looked at me steadily for a moment.

"Better? The gov'ment ain't givin' the tenant farmer nothin'. Only one's gettin' anything out o' all this here gov'ment money is the landowner. The gov'ment ain't worryin' about the 'half-hands'. That's what share croppers are called, you know. I'm worse off now than before the gov'ment began to spend money, because the gov'ment paid the landowner not to plow so much. Me an' my family ain't gettin' advances no more, either. The boss says he can't afford it an' anyway, I kin go to the Red Cross an' get me some food an' clothes."

"What did you used to get in advances?"

"Before things got pretty bad I used to get about twelve dollars between March and August—that was for my whole family. But since things got purty bad I ain't gettin' nothin'. I have to get me a sack o' flour from the Red Cross or the fed'ral emergency relief now."

"Why don't you get a C.W.A. job then?"

"Mister, them jobs is given to them that vote."

"Well, why don't you vote then?"

"You can't vote unless you pay your poll tax an' I ain't never had enough money to buy me a sack of flour, let alone pay a poll tax."

"That's a pretty hopeless situation, isn't it?"

"It can't last like this much longer," he said grimly. "All this talk o' helpin' the farmer—that's just talk. All that's gettin' anything out o' the gov'ment is the landowner or them millionaires up east. All the politicians just take everything from the poor farmer an' give it to the millionaires. If this keeps up we'll just about start a revolution—like them Bahlsheviks."

Everywhere I went I heard the same grim threats to start a revolution "like them Bahlsheviks," as they pronounced it. Share croppers in the depths of despair, starving, dependent upon charity show signs of unrest greater even than before federal relief came to quiet things for those who had money enough to pay poll taxes and could thus vote. The government does not specify that you must vote to be eligible for a C.W.A. job but local politicians have control of apportioning the jobs and give them to those with the vote. They are bolstering their political machine with government money. The Negro and the penniless cropper, both being disfranchised, one for color and the other for being poor, are in the main ignored.

The small independent farmer, even with the government's guarantee of ten cents a pound for cotton and payment for acreage not cultivated are bitter because the government's scheme to help them turned out to be really a help only for the big landowner and the corporation-owned plantations in the Delta country.

In Lincoln County, which is typical of a cotton county in Mississippi or, for that matter, in the whole deep south, one out of every five independent farmers have lost their farms since the depression—some for inability to pay as low as $20 in taxes. Those who still

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have their land usually need about $50 or $75 to see them through the season.

The production credit association, which the government established to aid the poor farmer, requires that the farmer, for every $100 or fraction thereof, that he borrows, take out a share of stock in the association for $5. To this is added 6 percent interest, or for $50, the usual sum borrowed, $3. Then there is a charge of $1.50 for registering the loan and $2 for an inspection fee. Thus, when a small farmer wants to borrow $50 the government charges him $11.50—which, whatever it is called, is a prohibitive rate of interest.

"It's just good for the big farmers," the small farmer complains bitterly. "The government just makes it impossible for us to borrow money."

They go to the local bank, but one of the two banks crashed in 1931 and the remaining one is tight with credit, and hasn't enough capital anyway to supply the wants of all the small farmers in the county.

"What'll you do?" you ask.

They shake their heads in despair. "We don't know. We're going to have some change—and right quick. There's a lot of the farmers around here just about ready to start a revolution."

In this representative county the cropper who comprises about half the population is completely ignored by the government except in doles of food and clothes. The majority of croppers are Negroes. But even now, with government money being spent, five out of every six citizens in this county of 26,000 are living off charity—a charity that grows leaner every day.

The federal emergency relief gives direct aid. The Red Cross gives direct aid but the F.E.R. has cut down on its allowances and the Red Cross has given away the $40,000 worth of supplies the government apportioned it.

"I haven't another sack of flour left," Mrs. Kate Hardy, in charge of the Red Cross said helplessly. "And they're still coming. I haven't anything except one box full of sheets and bedding and a few shoes for the children so they can go to school. And I've got to save the sheets and the bedding for them in emergency cases like sickness or confinement. Most of these farmers simply haven't got a stitch of bedding or clothes left."

Outside the land agent's office, the federal emergency relief office, the Red Cross office were small groups of overalled farmers, harassed looking, worried, yet with hard lights in their eyes.

"This country's just being run for them millionaires," they keep repeating. "Do you know what Huey P. Long says? He says the wealth of this country is in the hands of a dozen men—Rockefeller, Ford,—that feller that Huey says was the real President when Hoover was there—what's his name?"

"Andrew Mellon," a farmer suggested.

"That's the one. Andrew Mellon. Huey Long says that when Andrew Mellon told the President what to do the President did it. That's what's the matter with this country. It ain't right for a few men to have all the wealth and the rest of us starving."

"Well, what can you do about it?"

"Start a revolution, that's what we can do. Them Bahlsheviks did. There ain't no millionaires there. Everything there belongs to the government and you get what you need. Everything belongs to the government and when its grown or made it's put in a government warehouse. If you need one sack of flour you get it and if you got a bigger family and need two sacks you get two. It ain't like here where twelve men got everything and the poor ain't got nothin'."

Huey Long's demogogic appeals to "divide the wealth" has struck a deep and sympathetic note in the farmers of Louisiana's neighboring state. They have seen a man in high office talk of revolution, confiscation, and they are talking of it now. They have no idea of what a revolution is, of what they would do if one were thrown in their laps tomorrow but they do know they want a change.

"What would you do if a revolution started tomorrow?" I would ask those who talked most earnestly of a revolution. They would stare at me, helpless.

"We ain't smart enough," they say. "You got to have a leader to have a revolution. And we ain't got no leader."

"I'll tell you what I'd do if we had a revolution," one farmer said. "The first thing I'd do is pass a law so no man could make more than a million dollars."

They keep reverting to the million dollars and the hated millionaires in the north and the east. When I asked one cropper what he would do with the land if a revolution came tomorrow he looked at me in surprise.

"Work it, of course," he said.

"The Bolsheviks took all the land away from the landowners when they had their revolution and kept it."

He shook his head admiringly.

"That would sure be fine if we could do that here," he said.

The Negro, disfranchised, oppressed, is ignored by everyone though he comprises 35 percent of the county's population. The federal relief agencies manage to keep him and his family alive but that is about all. The black man cannot utter his thoughts aloud so he frequently expresses them in song. I heard one along a dusty highway in Lincoln county and two of the lines tell the whole story. They tell what the Negro is getting out of all this aid to the farmer. A land owner is talking to his share cropper:

"Accordin' to the contract I has signed
You gets the seed an' the cotton is mine."

War on the Railway Unions

JAMES STEELE

TWO events in the past week have served to focus public attention on railway labor—one was President Roosevelt's declaration that rail wages should be maintained at their present level, 10 percent below the 1931 level, for six months after June 30, when the present wage-cut agreement expires; the other was an announcement from the Railway Labor Executives' Association that strike votes, involving 32,000 workers, were being taken on six major railroads.

The former re-emphasized Roosevelt's uncanny knack of aiding capital under the guise of helping labor and the union leaders' carelessness or unwillingness to defend the workers. It has been known for months in railway circles that the roads would put forward a 15 percent wage-cut demand in order to maintain the present 10 percent cut; the roads have been frank in admitting this would be the most they could expect. Roosevelt has known this, as well as any of us, yet he calmly dons the mantle of labor's protector and asks the roads not to put over the 15 percent cut—and by implication places upon labor the responsibility for "disturbing" economic conditions should they demand restoration of the present wage-cut. Demand for restoration of cut will not come from the union leaders. On February 15, when they should have served notice of intention to end the existing wage-cut agreement and to demand restoration of the old wage-levels they were squabbling among themselves in Washington and permitted the railroads to steal a march on them (or was it all pre-arranged with the railroads, and perhaps the Administration, too?) by demanding a 15 percent cut.

The other event, the statement from the union officials that strike votes were being taken on the Delaware & Hudson, Kansas City Southern, Louisiana & Arkansas, Louisiana, Arkansas & Texas, Mobile & Ohio, and Chicago & North Western railroads, revealed that at last the union leaders are becoming aware of an attack on the unions which started over two years ago but which they have done little to counteract.

The opening gun of the attack was fired just two years ago while union leaders and

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railway chieftains were sipping cocktails and eating crabmeat together in Chicago after a two-week sham battle over the 10 percent wage cut which was put over on the rail workers. I say sham battle advisedly because prior to the conference the union officials had advised the road to ask a 15 percent cut so that the lower reduction would be received with less opposition!

The gun was fired by Leonor F. Loree, the old-line hard-boiled boss of the Delaware & Hudson who hates labor and makes no bones about it. It took the form of an ultimatum to the engineers, firemen, trainmen and conductors that the basis of their pay was going to be changed from a mileage to an hourly basis and that working rules which the road found irksome were to be abolished.

The change in wage-basis meant a reduction in wage-rates, speed-up, and greater unemployment among these workers. Under the old system a run of 100 miles was counted as a day's work. This took from five to eight hours, but this apparently short-work-day is necessary both for safety and for the health of the workers. Under the new system eight hours' work each day is counted as a day's work. Because of the great increase in efficiency of rail workers in recent years and the use of high-speed equipment this means that fewer workers are needed to do the work. Also, since the men cover more miles for the same pay, it means a reduction in rates—the Locomotive Engineers Journal calculated that cuts up to 32 percent could take place under the new plan.

Abolition of certain working rules permits greater speed-up, deprives workers of their measure of control over their job conditions and serves to break down the wage schedules. Indeed in their earlier days the Big Four Brotherhoods — Engineers, Firemen and Enginemen, Conductors and Trainmen — had waged many a bitter battle for the mileage basis and for these working rules. Yet the unions gave them up on the D. & H. without even taking a strike vote. The union leaders evidently regarded these moves as eccentricities of Loree which other roads would be slow to follow.

They reckoned without their host. Loree waited to see how the plan worked out on the D. & H., and then ordered another version of it into effect on the Kansas City Southern, of which he is chairman of the board at $50,000 a year. To split the expected opposition he made it applicable only to engineers and conductors, but the firemen and trainmen saw through the maneuver and joined forces with the senior organizations in fighting it. Loree replied by advertising for strike-breakers and the workers voted to strike.

Acting under the Railway Labor Act, which prohibits a strike during investigation of a dispute, President Roosevlt appointed an Emergency Board to investigate. After a long interval, of which union officials took advantage to dissipate the men's resentments, the board reported—upholding the railroad. The temper of the men was still so hostile, however, that Roosevelt urged the road to postpone application of the scheme. The road, having secured government backing, agreed to delay the plan's introduction until March 1, 1934.

The lesson was not lost upon the railroads. Railway Age, their organ, came out boldly urging other roads to follow suit. "From the standpoint of the railway numerous benefits can be seen in the adoption of the New K.C.S. plan," it declared. "The plan gives relief from drastic arbitrary and punitive rules, enables the railway to make better use of the services of its employees, permits more flexibility and economy in operation and affords relief from the misunderstandings with employees which have marked the application of the old rules. . . .

"They (the roads) have delayed too long in endeavoring to adapt to modern conditions their contracts with their train and engine service employees. To the extent that the old agreements impair the efficiency and economy of modern railroad transportation, they should be abolished. This is what the Kansas City Southern is doing, and the management deserves great credit for meeting a serious situation squarely, openly and with determination."

But even the K.C.S. plan did not go far enough for Harvey Couch, official of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation and boss of the Louisiana, Arkansas & Texas Railroad. The new schedules introduced on his road, besides wiping out the old mileage basis, cut the wages of the train and engine service employees to the following levels: engineers, 70 cents and 76 cents an hour; firemen, 53 cents and 57 cents; conductors, 66 cents; brakemen, 50 cents and 60 cents an hour—levels far below those paid on other roads in the same territory. In addition, the road instituted an eight-hour *minimum* day, instead of the eight-hour *maximum* day which had previously prevailed, abolished time-and-a-half for overtime and changed other important rules of long standing.

Threat of the workers to strike brought an Emergency Board on the scene. The board brought in a report condemning the L. A. & T. for instituting the changes on its own initiative, but favoring the changes themselves, which, it said, "should be made to apply to carriers as a whole." The union leaders were not anxious for action, however, and contented themselves with the empty victory of the board's report.

While Loree and Couch were conducting frontal attacks on the wage-scales and working-rules, the Southern Pacific opened fire on the flank. Through its subsidiary, the Texas & New Orleans, it informed the unions that it could serve the usual formal 30 days' notice of an intended change of rules and if at the expiration of the 30-day period an agreement had not been reached between the unions and the road the proposed change became a "managerial question" and the managament could proceed as it saw fit. In addition, it declared that 108 grievances of a type which it formerly discussed with the unions were now "managerial questions" and refused to discuss them.

The workers voted so strongly in favor of a strike that the road surrendered its stand about not discussing the issues involved—but according to latest reports it had not given up its position that it can change important rules arbitrarily. If the road is permitted to win this point, it means the virtual collapse of unionism on the road—and eventually upon the whole Southern Pacific System—for one of the unions' most vital functions is to protect those working rules which the management seeks to change and abolish.

The assault on the working rules comes from other directions, too. In his report to the President, Federal Coördinator Eastman declared that restrictions upon the reduction of employment contained in the Emergency Railway Transportation Act "go beyond what is reasonable and stand in the way of improvements in operation and service" and asked that they be "changed." Changing of these restrictions will result in giving the railroads a free hand in their policies of greater "economy" and "efficiency." Since the working rules are among the greatest barriers to further "economy" and "efficiency" it is inevitable that an effort will be made to abolish them. Abolition of working rules was one of the issues Eastman had in mind when he said, "The employees cannot with wisdom oppose progress which will stimulate the growth of the industry," if we are to judge from the feelings of the roads themselves.

These attacks on wages and working rules have been mainly confined to the engineers, firemen, conductors and trainmen, a relatively highly-paid group of workers whom the roads have been attempting to isolate because public sympathy cannot be so readily aroused on their behalf. The other workers are to be taken care of later, after these have been dealt with.

The Mobile & Ohio, however, undertook to put over a 20 percent wage-cut on all its workers, although it had signed the Chicago Wage Agreement providing for a cut of only 10 percent. The M. & O., which is owned by the wealthy Southern railroad, pleaded as justification that it was bankrupt — a plea which at once disclosed that it was trying to crash through the wage-schedules so as to let through other bankrupt roads, such as the Missouri Pacific, Frisco, and the Rock Island. That the M. & O. has lost its case does not mean that it, nor the other bankrupt roads, have abandoned their plan—they are merely searching for some way to do it which will be within the law. They may find it after the present wage agreement expires.

The company union issue has also disclosed the anti-union activities of the roads. In order to secure the general aims of the Emergency Act the administration conceded to labor (which was muttering opposition) certain provisions which make it "unlawful for

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any railroad to (1) deny or in any way question the right of its employees to join the labor organization of their choice; (2) interfere in any way with the organization of its employees; (3) use its funds in maintaining 'company unions'; (4) influence or coerce its employees in an effort to induce them to join or to remain members of such 'company unions'; (5) require any person seeking employment to sign a contract or agreement promising to join or not to join a labor organization." Note that according to Mr. Eastman's summary the last stipulation bars the closed shop.

The railroads hastened to "comply" with the law. Company unions were so reorganized as to give them an appearance of legality and "check off" systems were even set up to force workers to pay dues into the yellow unions. Some roads blandly informed their workers that Eastman had declared the company unions were legal. One road in the Southwest ordered members of a bona-fide union, on pain of dismissal, to hand over their membership books to the master mechanic for destruction.

At least two roads required workers who had joined regular unions to sign form letters notifying union headquarters of their "resignation" from membership. The Pennsylvania, with its usual bluntness, declare it would maintain its old company union, hired an expert criminal lawyer as counsel for the union and practically told the government to "come on and fight."

The railroads have supplemented their militant company unionism with equally militant anti-union activities. Active unionists in the shops have been transferred to disagreeable jobs or to jobs with which they were not familiar. Naturally, they are slow at the beginning, but before they have a chance to learn the job they are fired for "not turning out the work fast enough." Two organizers for the Railway Carmen and the Boilermakers on the Lehigh Valley were given their choice by gunmen of leaving alive or being "shipped out in a box" and the Brotherhoods Unity Committee can testify that the railroad spies have not relaxed their activities.

The roads are aided in their campaign against labor by the divisions between the unions—divisions which are carefully nourished by union officials, jealous of their jobs, and the railroads. The Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, for example, does all in its power to harm the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen & Enginemen because the latter claims jurisdiction over engineers. The B. of L. F. & E. retaliates in kind. Railroad officials foster this enmity by encouraging now this organization, now the other, to secure the contracts on the various roads—usually at the expense of the rival brotherhood. The brotherhoods are thus kept snapping at each other and prevented from uniting for improvement of conditions of enginers and firemen alike.

It has even been discovered that the railroads are helping the Railway Employees' National Pension Association, which looked at first like a bona-fide rank-and-file movement, in its assault on the pension bill for railroad workers presented in Congress by the regular brotherhoods. So effective have they been that the ranks of the workers are badly split and the pension movement hasn't got to first base. But the Association did get across a lot of propaganda against union officials which caused many unthinking workers to draw out of the unions—which was what the railroads want, of course, in addition to wanting the pension movement wrecked.

The union officials are hardly aware of all this. When they are not fighting each other and hunting down radicals in the unions they are hobnobbing with bankers and railway officials on how to finance railway bond issues and how to fight the trucks, buses and the St. Lawrence Waterway. They allowed the surrender of basic union rights on the Loree and Couch roads without firing a shot—and now, under pressure from the aroused rank-and-file, they are taking strike votes with the end in view of preventing strikes. They want the appointment of emergency boards so that they can have further time in which to calm down the workers; and they want these boards to put over the railroads' policies so that they themselves shall not bear the onus for such action. They aided the roads in putting over the 10 percent cut, and they are helping the roads to maintain it at a time when other workers, through strikes and militant organization, are forcing up their wages; at a time when rising prices are cutting wages even more drastically than 10 percent. To call them labor lieutenants of capitalism is not a polite form of vituperation—it is to state a fact.

The outlook would be black indeed were it not for the energetic work carried on by the Brotherhoods Unity Committee, a rank-and-file group which is attempting to unite all rail workers, regardless of craft, on a program of taking control of their unions and transforming them into militant organs of the masses of railway workers. The success which has attended the committee's efforts so far indicates that the union members are no longer content to be sheep led to the slaughter by their bellwether Judases.

The Hands of Old Man Martin

MIGUEL OTERO SILVO

To Gustavo Machado

Look at your hands, old man Martin,
Their wrinkles are furrows
And their horny fingers growing buds.
They gripped the hatchet
And every stroke on the trunk of the tree
Ran through the branches
Like the shudder of a frightened bird.
And the falling tree
Was like a blow on the breast of the field:
Wood of the tree that went far away . . .
Wood of the tree that you will never see again.

Look at your hands, old man Martin,
Your fingers grew out of
Your sturdy heart . . .
They gripped the hoe
And the father furrows opened
And the dry soil felt in its womb
The tender waiting of the sweetheart . . .
The seed fell in the furrow
And fed itself with soil, sun, and life
The dry plain turned green
The plain of the exploiters was covered with
light and birds.

Look at your hands, old man Martin . . .
They are seed that was sown
To spring up in flowers.
They gripped the sickle
And the heads of wheat bent themselves
Like a woman,
And through the wounds of the cane
Ran the white sweet blood.
Your hands went to the vines,
And they came back full of green tears;
And the coffee trees scattered their rubies.
Coffee, sugar, bread and wine:
These are missing in your home, old man
Martin.

Look at your hands, old man Martin,
Smelling of ripe fruits,
And of ripening fields . . .
They harvested the flowers,
And the prairies burned with clover.
The radiant roses opened,
And the silken lilies lifted themselves. . . .
The wandering wind
Stopped one night
And went away in the morning
Laden with perfume.

Look at your hands
For they harvested these flowers wasted in
mansions
Or on wooden altars,
Glorifying cardboard saints.

Look at your hands, old man Martin.
Let the seed fall,
Every comrade is a furrow
And every word a living seed.
Harvest your flowers:
With blossoms of blood and steel
The light will come.
Harvest your flowers:
You are building the world.
Grip the hatchet:
Reap, reap in plenty,
And then, what is yours
Will belong to you, old man Martin.

—Translated by Albert N. Sanchez and Fielding Davidson.

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Correspondence

At the Consulate

To THE NEW MASSES:

On Feb. 17th a delegation headed by Corliss Lamont left the office of the National Committee for the Defense of Political Prisoners for the Austrian Consulate. Newspaper men were awaiting in the lobby of 500 Fifth Avenue where the Consulate has its offices. The press boys must have tipped off the police, for a large, severe lieutenant, several cops, and some mean-looking plainclothes men acted as an unwelcoming reception committee and blocked the way to the doors. (Some day an imaginative Police Commissioner will make a name for himself by organizing a theatrical school for dicks. Those in the lobby tried hard to appear to be plain citizens, but they succeeded only in looking restless and conscious of the guns and blackjacks in their pockets.)

Allan Taub, being a lawyer and aware of the rights a plain citizen is supposed to have, asked the large lieutenant if he had a warrant to stop peaceful citizens in the lobby of a public building. At first the lieutenant's resolution was equal to his physical bulk, but after Allan Taub took his name and the numbers of the cops with him and read the law to them, his resolution began to shrink, and the cops looked nervous.

The lieutenant who had given his name as Quinn then left the delegation still herded in by the cops, and went upstairs to see the Consul. People, going in and out the big swinging doors, stared at the delegation. The crowd, containing some big shots, and office help shining in their blaze, look "respectable." Their glances are curious and not unfriendly, for this delegation looks respectable too. It is different, afterward, when a workers' delegation arrives.

Lieutenant Quinn comes down to announce that the delegation will be received. He grins self-consciously, for as is later discovered, he has probably played a part in a cheap trick. The delegation is taken up in a reserved elevator, and the faithful dicks accompanying are admitted into the consulate offices.

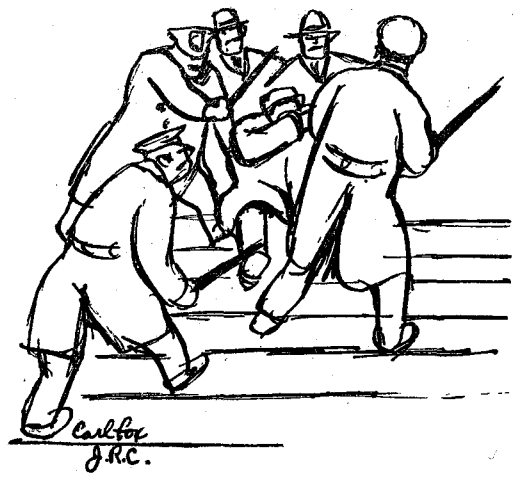
There a soft and pink and blond and helpless Teuton, Herr Otto, receives the delegation with nervous disclaimers of knowing anything or being responsible for anything. At first he says the Consul is in conference; then a darker Teuton, one with a liverish complexion and an irritated look and announcing himself as a member of the Austrian Embassy in Washington, comes in to pinch hit for Otto. He explains that the Consul has been in conference—an hour or a week ago, he doesn't say— but he is out now. He has gone home for the day.

This gave the delegation something new to deal with, an obvious collusion between the police and the consulate, to escape giving hearings to protesting groups of citizens. No doubt the memories of the demonstration at their doors the preceding Wednesday, and the stream of delegations that had gone in and out before and since, and the large file of telegrams and letters of protest, were at work in the disturbed brains behind these agitated faces. If there is any one who still questions the effectiveness of mass pressure, who is unconvinced by the fact that Mooney and the Scottsboro boys are still alive, and that the delegations to the Warden have won the fight for political prisoners at Sing Sing to receive and read THE NEW MASSES, Labor Defender, Labor Unity and other workers' publications, he should accompany such a delegation as this one and watch the strained and nervous faces of officials, listen to their tremulous and evasive answers.

Corliss Lamont read the protest for the delegation and summed it up further in three demands: amnesty for the imprisoned Austrian workers, restoration of civil rights, and condemnation of executions without trial.

After considerable exchange of words the meeting was over. As the doors opened the departing delegation had an opportunity to greet an incoming one, a delegation of workers. One of the cops in a tired voice said, "What, another delegation!" Lieutenant Quinn looked weary. The cops looked weary.

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER.



Carl Fox

Chauvinism in School Books

To THE NEW MASSES:

The New York Teachers Anti-War Committee is preparing to launch a campaign against chauvinism in the text-books of the New York City schools. Readers of THE NEW MASSES can co-operate by calling our attention to any objectionable passages in text-books with which they are familiar. We urge them to write down the name of the book with the number of the offending page, and send it to Room 1610, 104 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Sincerely,

IRVING ADLER, Secretary.

"The Only Way Out"

To THE NEW MASSES:

I have been reading every number of THE NEW MASSES since it has become a weekly, with intense interest, and the mere cold cut documentation of the articles has made me realize, more than ever, that the revolutionary program you are projecting is the only way out of the mess and wreckage which our statesmen still insist on calling civilization. Your magazine is getting better all the time, and I think will reach out to more and more people who, being left without being sharply aware of it, will swing over to your side. I heartily endorse your editorial policy and will be glad to send you material in the future.

ALBERT HALPER.

The Return of Emma Goldman

To THE NEW MASSES:

Emma Goldman appeared in Mecca Temple Feb. 13, 1934, in her first lecture since her deportation from the United States. She spoke before a mixed, politely cordial, all-class audience, consisting of anarchist-liberals, liberal-anarchists (the Civil Liberties Union seems to be one of the last strongholds of anarchism in this country) die-hard rank-and-file Wobblies and anarchists, and curious Communists.

She voiced the following sentiments: 1) Affirmed her belief in the tenets of Anarchism. 2) Denied that she was disappointed in the Russian Revolution. 3) Declared that she recognized the distinctions between a Communist and Fascist dictatorship, but that both were to be condemned for their use of force. 4) Affirmed her faith in and sympathy with the Russian masses but denied that they had any voice in the Soviet government. 5) Declared that Franklin D. Roosevelt was the first American President to take an interest in the welfare of the working class.

The prevailing impression was that Emma Goldman was a tired radical. Perhaps not in a physical sense but most certainly in a political and intellectual sense. Much proletarian blood has been shed under capitalism since her active anarchist days in this country, when being an anarchist meant being a militant revolutionary fighter in the ranks of the working class; for the rotten reformism of the Socialist groups instinctively repelled the sincere, heroic spirit of such fighters, and the revolutionary Communist Party did not yet exist to welcome them. But the lessons of the many years since the War have not served to develop her political awareness. When she was deported to the Soviet Union, she slipped into the gigantic mechanism of the Russian October, but a warping, reactionary romanticism prevented her warm sympathies for the oppressed from flowering into an ideological comprehension of the need for the dictatorship of the proletariat. Now Emma Goldman uses the word, dictatorship, as a bogey man to frighten away the timid. Perhaps she has never read or fully understood Lenin's brilliant pamphlet, *State and Revolution.*

The pathos of Emma Goldman that night was her woeful isolation from the workers for whom she had fought most of her life. That isolation seemed to be due primarily to her hostility to the Soviet Union and the Communist Party. The tragedy of her life consists in that she failed to learn any lessons from the huge strides of the Russian Revolution, the tremendous world-wide crisis of capitalism, the radicalization of the masses, the growth of Fascism and the immanence of war. Emma Goldman is a tired radical. The rapid flow of historic events has not refreshed her flagging mind nor rectified her myopic political vision.

B. BENGAL.

The CONTRIBUTORS

MARGUERITE YOUNG is a Washington correspondent of THE NEW MASSES.

R. PALME DUTT is the editor of the Labour Monthly of England.

ALBERT ALLEN is a New York newspaperman and cartoonist.

JAMES STEELE is a newspaperman who has made a close study of the railroad situation.

BORIS ISRAEL is a labor organizer in the South.

MIGUEL OTERO SILVO is a young Venezuelan poet active in the revolutionary movement, who was imprisoned in the LaRotunda frame-up.

ALICE WITHROW FIELD is the author of *The Protection of Women and Children in Soviet Russia.*

O. FRANK is a university instructor who, in view of the dubious outlook for the C.W.A., uses a pseudonym in order to keep his job.

DAVID PLATT is a member of the Workers Film and Photo League of New York.

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Books

Symbol of Revolution

PARCHED EARTH, by Arnold B. Armstrong. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

REVOLUTIONARY literature continues to thrive despite the blasts of hostile critics. Not only do the John Reed Clubs grow in strength and their members in ability; revolutionary writers appear, now as in the past, who have no connection with the organized cultural movement. Two such writers, having come by their own paths to an understanding and acceptance of the revolutionary position, are publishing books this spring. One of them is William Rollins, Jr., whose strike novel, *The Shadow Before,* will soon appear. The other is Arnold B. Armstrong, author of *Parched Earth.*

Parched Earth is set in the fruit-growing area of California. In a dramatic prologue Armstrong tells the story of the conquest and re-conquest of Tontos Valley: the docile Indians; the arrogant Spaniards, led by Don Miguel Vasquez; the Yankee squatters; and the Yankee entrepreneurs. The story proper begins with the spring fiesta in one of the years of the depression. With the local radio station furnishing a chorus, the author brings before us the life of the town and the principal characters of the novel. Everett Caldwell, whose father finally secured through chicanery the land that Don Miguel had seized by force, is the master of Tontos Valley. Only Maud Rathbone, last of the pioneers, and Belle Vasquez, last of the old Spanish family, dare defy him. Maud, an invalid, lives with her daughter Hattie in their old house, an eyesore to the town and a temptation to real estate agents. Not far away lives the daughter of Don Miguel Vasquez, long the town's prostitute, mother of an idiot son whose father is Everett Caldwell.

The novel covers the period from one fiesta to another. In the course of the year Caldwell tightens his hold upon the town that bears his name. Machinery replaces hundreds of men in his canneries, and the vagrant workers that pour into Tontos Valley each summer find no work. All unsuspecting, the men have rented Caldwell's houses in Slob Row, and they demonstrate under the leadership of Dave Washburn, a Communist organizer. But Dave is injured by Wally, Belle's idiot son, and the demonstration fails. Belle, also unemployed because the cannery workers are unemployed, and ill into the bargain, faces the problem of supporting Wally, who has the body and appetite of a giant. Hattie Rathbone, denied work by Caldwell's orders, walks eight miles a day to cut apricots at six cents a forty pound box.

Tenser and tenser the situation grows. It is impossible to follow all the various threads woven into the novel, but each of the various narratives repeats the theme of exploitation. Armstrong shows concretely how Caldwell extends his power and wealth at the expense of thousands of workers. He shows, too, the sliminess of the bourgeoisie, the soul-rotting subservience of the smaller business men of the town to their master. And he shows, through the actions of Dave Washburn and the words of Hop Collins, a brakeman and a friend of the Rathbones, that the workers must and will unite to overthrow this cruel and corrupt regime. By the time the end is reached there can be no doubt, at least in the mind of the sympathetic reader, that the situation the novel portrays must end in revolution. But the revolution has not come in California, and yet the novel must have its conclusion.

Armstrong's solution of his problem deserves comment. Mike Gold, the other day, answering an unreasonable attack on *Call Home the Heart,* said: "Anybody can write the first two acts of a revolutionary play. It is the last act, the act that resolves the conflicts, that has baffled almost every revolutionary playwright and novelist in the country. For you can't truthfully say in your last act or last chapter that there has been a victorious Communist revolution in this country." The trouble is, as Gold might have gone on to say, that the intellect can be satisfied by the conviction that a successful revolution must come, but the emotions aroused by the vivid presentation of a revolutionary situation demand nothing less than the revolution itself. That might be a good thing if it made the reader go out and fight for the revolution, but ordinarily it leaves him, as well as the author, in a state of confusion and helplessness.

This is how Armstrong solves his problem. Through a logical series of events the dam above Tontos Valley breaks and floods the town. In an extraordinary last chapter the author shows us character after character as the water sweeps over them. Then at last he comes to Hattie Rathbone and Hop Collins, who have been planning to be married. They, with Dave Washburn, who has returned to lead the unemployed workers again, climb the old-fashioned water tower on the Rathbone place and are saved. " 'That's Ev Caldwell's goddam buildin' for you!' said Hop, wringing out his coat. 'Well, ever'body's gonna have work now when the water goes down.' 'It sure looks like a rich harvest for us,' said Hattie." It is merely a symbol of course, but there is no getting away from the fact that this ending, when coupled with the skillful revelation of the rottenness of the bourgeoisie and the strength of the workers, gives a kind of emotional satisfaction that few revolutionary novels have achieved. And, for this particular novel, that satisfaction is valid, though perhaps the method can never be used again.

In dwelling on the resourcefulness with which Armstrong has attacked a particular—and important—problem, I have had to neglect various other qualities of *Parched Earth.* It would be pleasant to dwell on the satirical treatment of the Civic Improvement League, for example, or on the fantastic exploit of Wally Vasquez at the fiesta. I ought to comment, also, on the disproportionate amount of attention paid to the sexual frustration of Hattie Rathbone and the rather inadequate treatment of Dave Washburn. I ought to point out the superficiality in the characterization of some of the business men. There is no doubt that the book has faults, but they are of minor importance in a first novel that treats so complicated a series of incidents with so much clarity and force, that creates so many memorable characters, and that shows so profound and so truly Marxian an insight into the action of social forces and their effect on individual lives.

GRANVILLE HICKS.

Russians at Home

MY RUSSIAN NEIGHBORS, by Alexander Wicksteed. Whittlesley House (McGraw-Hill Book Company), $1.75.

Like many another writer on the Soviet Union, Mr. Wicksteed has attempted to interpret life in the U.S.S.R. to bourgeois readers who have no background of knowledge or experience of proletarian or farm life in their own countries. This is an undeniably difficult task, but unlike many other writers he is in a position to know what he is writing about because he has lived in Moscow for the past ten years, during the greater part of which he has been earning his living there by teaching English in the universities. He is, however, extremely modest not only about his part in the relief work of the Quakers in 1922, but also about the value of his observations of Soviet life. It is, indeed, refreshing to find a book written on the Soviet Union by an English speaking person who does not over-estimate his knowledge of that country in rash generalizations and is honest enough to write, "I do not know" when that is the case.

Mr. Wicksteed's success in explaining certain aspects of life in the Soviet Union to English tourists who seek him out in Moscow, is well known. (Americans rarely visit him.) In *My Russian Neighbors* he has given answers to many of the questions undoubtedly asked him by tourists. His main thesis is that Russians are human beings, an idea which seems rarely to enter the heads of casual travelers: he even includes a chapter on Russian drinks, drinking habits, and bars. In the course of his narration he effectively disposes of such newspaper-fed bugaboos as Soviet dumping, the G.P.U. terror, the break-up of home life, bread cards, etc. On the troublesome matter of propaganda he is at great pains to make himself clear; he explains what it is and why it is, but admits that he himself grows tired of it: "When I came to think it over, I realized that the trouble wasn't that the propaganda was wrong or overdone, but that it was addressed to the proletariat and

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not to me." Here is an unusual honesty.

On the other hand, he does not gloss over the hardships of life in the Soviet Union, but against them he points out the ever improving standard of living, the security against unemployment, the excellent facilities for recreation, the avocational possibilities open to workers, and the fact that cultural standards in so far as they are embodied in books, theatres, and music, are considerably higher than in other countries. On his own subject, education, he is most interesting and most optimistic.

However, with all its virtues, *My Russian Neighbors* is a good example of how quickly a superficial book dealing with the U.S.S.R. becomes valueless as far as certain facts are concerned. Take two examples. Mr. Wicksteed lists the food available in Moscow at the end of March, 1933, when there was a distinct shortage, thereby suggesting certain impressions which he would be the last person to support in the light of the subsequent improvement. Also it is no longer true that change for valuta is given in roubles which automatically depreciate in value because they are in the hands of foreign visitors—change for valuta is now always given in foreign money and this has been so since before July of last year. Impressions gained from a superficial view of such matters are quickly rendered false and misleading when they are presented without a careful and detailed analysis of the situation and the trends apparent in it at any given time. Mr. Wicksteed explains that things move rapidly in the Soviet Union, but it seems to me that he has lived there long enough to write with authority about the more important social trends to the exclusion of fluctuating details when he is not concerned with presenting those details in their full setting.

Nevertheless, as far as the meagerly informed middle class public is concerned, this is the best, simple explanation of what the Communists are trying to do in the Soviet Union that I have so far come across. If the book seems over-simplified, it must be remembered that Mr. Wicksteed has his own countrymen in mind and that newspaper accounts of the U.S.S.R. have built up an even greater body of false assumptions in England than they have in the United States.

ALICE WITHROW FIELD.

The Same Old Racket

THE NEW CAPITALISM, by James D. Mooney. The Macmillan Company. $3.50.

James D. Mooney is "a prominent industrialist." Tom Mooney is spending his seventeenth year in jail. If Tom Mooney had written a book on the New America, he would have had to violate every criminal syndicalist law in the U. S. A. James D. Mooney has written an account that is as safe as grandma's tabby-cat curled up behind the kitchen stove.

The New Capitalism does not offer a plan for rebuilding American economy. Instead it pleads for a return to the good old law of supply and demand which "to the man who leads economic groups is like the compass to the navigator." Mr. Mooney assures his readers that "a thorough grasp of this law will provide us with a magic means of understanding the general laws of economics and business."

There is no getting away from this fundamental supply and demand mandate. The law operates as it does because "the various actions and reactions that are included within the operation of this law are based . . . on human behavior. The law operates as it does because human beings have fundamental attitudes toward material things."

There is much more of the same kind in this chapter on "The Law of Supply and Demand." But why go further? If Mr. Mooney is right, then Stalin and Molotov were both wrong when they told the recent Congress of the Soviet Union Communist Party about the successes of socialist economy since 1928. According to Mr. Mooney, human nature being what it is, and the law of supply and demand continuing to operate, socialism is an obvious impossibility.

Mr. Mooney feels that the New Deal tampers "with that dangerous buzz-saw known as economic law." He does not like it. He realizes that we face a serious situation but he does not want our economic difficulties "to muck us down into socialism, fascism, communism, a cult of incompetence, or any of the other so-called new but in reality historically stale experiments that are now being tried throughout the world."

In a little exordium at the end of the book Mr. Mooney assures the business men that they are all "practical economists." On the next page he urges the farmers to "continue to produce all you can." He encourages the bankers with the assurance that they are "much more capable than the government of guiding credit into really self-liquidatory functions" and they "more than anyone else, are able to keep us straight on the fundamental economic point of all credit and interest charges." (Evidently Mr. Mooney has not heard of the billions that the bankers shot into the Wall Street gambling joint before the collapse of 1929, nor of the "frozen asset" years that followed. Let that pass, however.)

Mr. Mooney has other words of wisdom for manufacturers, for the Great Merchants (with a capital G), for the railroads and the public utilities. He urges them all to take the little tin horn of propaganda and blow it over the corpse of finance capitalism. If they blow hard enough, he promises that they can bring the dead back to life.

One other point. Facing page 189 is a picture of the Statue of Liberty, outlined against a cloudy sky. Six pages later a tin-hatted doughboy, with a rifle over his shoulder, stands guard beside some barbed-wire entanglements. Five pages later a line of battle ships is lost in the smoke of its big guns. And on page 203 a cop in a raincoat is holding up traffic with an authoritative gesture. Presumably all of these subjects are acting in accordance with human nature and in a way that will fulfill the great law of supply and demand.

The New Capitalism is extravagantly printed on coated paper. The first two chapters consist entirely of full page photo-reproductions with no word of accompanying text. The publishers, evidently with Mr. Mooney's assistance, have spent enough on the production of this one volume to keep THE NEW MASSES running for six months. (And what a shame, too! This book is indescribably rotten; THE NEW MASSES so terribly impoverished, and the drift to the left being what it is today!) But it is idle to regret past follies. THE NEW MASSES must keep going even if the Macmillan Company does squander thousands on material that really should not exchange for enough to put a three cent stamp on this review and send it in to the magazine.

SCOTT NEARING.

Renegade's Progress

PASSION'S PILGRIMS, by Jules Romains (Men of Good Will, Vol. II). Alfred A. Knopf, $2.50.

The second volume of Romains' long novel leads us to the conjecture that this extensive work may well become one of the bourgeois novels which future Soviet critics will point to as mirroring much of life under the rule of the dying capitalist class of the twentieth century, just as contemporary professors resort to the *Chanson de Roland* or the *Canterbury Tales* for varying aspects of feudal life. Because Romains is one of the few writers who have sought completely to describe an epoch his work must long remain an outstanding social document. He has caught and he reflects many of the salient aspects of collective life in Paris in 1908. He disdains the novel built around a single character or a single family for one in which, by the use of pertinent economic and social detail, he has constructed a quite thorough portrait of an era. He has been able to do this because of his admirable literary technique and because he has borrowed part of the Marxist approach. Though he can actually ask how it is that none of Marx's

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theories are any longer valid, we can easily see that he would never even have thought of a collective novel — much less know upon what data to base it—had it not been for Marx.

Like the first volume the second possesses no particularity of emphasis on any one character or group of characters. In *Passion's Pilgrims* as the sub-titles indicate *(Childhood's Loves* and *Eros in Paris)* the stress is laid, if anywhere, upon the sexual adventures of many of the characters. Quinette, the book binder who has murdered the murderer whom he assured he would protect from the police, becomes a police spy and worms his way into the "Social Control" revolutionary group. Jerphanion, who seems to come nearest to expressing the author's life and ideas, does a great deal of speculation about his career and finally finds the girl whom he has been seeking. Jallex, Jerphanion's fellow-student, reconstructs the details of a love affair he had in early youth. Garau, the "left" deputy, succumbs to the maneuvers of the oil trust and rationalizes away his hopes for a social revolution. Sammécaud, the vulgar business man without a "de" in front of his name, just about wins the love of the wife of his aristocratic associate, de Champçenais. Michel, the German revolutionary, at a meeting of the "Social Control" group predicts that the German Social-Democratic party will not oppose its government's entry into war. At the end of the book we see Jaurès in a street meeting before a working class audience.

G. Servèze, in an excellent critical study (Commune Nov. 3, 1933, entitled *J. Romains et le fascisme,* has gone to great lengths in pointing out Romains' many ideological weaknesses. He only confirms our judgment, expressed in a review of the first volume in Left Front, that the man belongs to the "Second International of Letters." Romains "corrects" Marx, denies the class struggle, condones the fascist governments of Italy and Germany, and attributes the great war directly to Germany. Space is lacking to show how *Men of Good Will* reflects these ideological weaknesses in the forms of bad judgment, sly distortion, and untrue emphasis. Were this possible we could show how the literary counterparts to the Noskes, Hilferdings, and Norman Thomases accomplish their destructive and befuddling tasks.

In *Passions' Pilgrims* we see each character developing in relation to his environment, moulding it and being moulded thereby. This is the dialectical process used unwittingly. Romains could not jettison all his early influences despite the market's demands. He has, however, perverted this dialectical process by narrowing it down so that the vaster perspectives are lost sight of. This is quite unlike its successful use in a proletarian novel such as Plivier's *The Kaiser's Coolies,* in which we feel and see behind each character's bald utterance the tottering of an empire and the dominant upsurge of the revolutionary movement. In *Men of Good Will* the great forces of history in movement in 1908 are not made an integral part of this purported collective novel. This is due entirely to Romains' refusal to accept the materialistic interpretation of history and to his reliance on erroneous psychological theories.

If future Soviet critics look for the most important aspect of collective life in 1908—that of the working masses engaged in production and distribution and their day-to-day economic struggles—they will thumb the pages of this novel in vain. They will find oil-executives, "left" parliamentarians, book binders, students, housewives, street hooligans, real estate men, intellectuals, and even handicraftsmen but no real workers, no men and women shaped by the factory and the building gang.

This omission, as well as the undue emphasis laid on the erotic adventures of the characters, is part of the method by which Romains, while appearing to give and in many ways actually giving an accurate account of contemporary society, subtly imposes upon the reader an interpretation that is fundamentally and dangerously false. The failure to portray the working class makes possible the discrediting of the revolutionary movement, which quite clearly seems to be part of Romains' aim. The discrediting of the revolutionary movement, skillfully coupled with the suggestion that the masses are indifferent to and incapable of dealing with basic political issues, emphasizes the importance of the "men of good will." But all this is still only hinted at in the four sections of the work that have appeared (in two volumes) in America. When the final revelation comes, it will come with greater force because the way has been so stealthily prepared for it. Thus distortion becomes betrayal—and betrayal of a dangerous sort.

MARK MARVIN.

"THE LORD HAS SENT US A BLESSING!" — *Kabat*

A Classic in Pictures

KARL MARX "CAPITAL" IN LITHOGRAPHS, by Hugo Gellert. Ray Long and Richard Smith. $3.

If the title of this book were a strict definition of its contents, it might well be argued that Hugo Gellert had set himself an insuperable task in attempting to produce a pictorial equivalent for Marx's basic work. But actually this is an effort to present the essence of *Capital* not solely through pictures, but with the aid of pictures. The three volumes of the original have been condensed to sixty pages of text, each page confronted with a lithograph. There is also a frontispiece portrait of Marx. Gellert has not limited himself to the role of literal illustrator, but has tackled the problem of interpretation.

Thus when Marx, discussing the effect of capitalist crises on the working masses, illustrates his point with a quotation from an English newspaper of 1867 describing at length the misery of the unemployed, Gellert recasts the situation into a dramatic symbol of the current crisis with a picture of a gaunt, flabby naked child, towering above lower Manhattan's skyline. This picture is a real development on the theme of the text: the growth of wealth and its progressive concentration can only be accomplished under capitalism through the impoverishment of the working class.

Another striking example of imaginative interpretation: Marx, analyzing the secret of primary accumulation, details the process whereby the workers were forcibly and bru-

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tally deprived of ownership of the means of production in the early stages of capitalism. Gellert strikes fire with another twentieth century image, Ford clutching his vast plants, opposed by a defiant worker. The clash of drawing and text illuminates the modern worker's position, smashing the fiction of "eternal and inalienable property rights" through which the worker is held in wage slavery.

This method of infusing the dialectic of Marx with the compelling imagery of the present is not uniformly adopted by the artist. In some cases he stresses literal illustration of a detail of the text, in others he uses the most general symbols. Nor is there any reason why a uniform method should be used in illustrating a work so richly diversified and complex as *Capital.* Only one question need be raised, are these drawings clear and effective?

Far too many of them are not. The bristling dialectic of the section on the limits of the working day yields Gellert only a figure of a muscle-bound worker, standing in classless isolation; to the outline of the origin of the industrial capitalist he responds with a scene of Morgan towering over Wall Street (actually a symbol of the higher stage of finance capital); a symbol of the slave trade is a statuesque Negro, unoppressed and not even shown at labor; out of the suggestive analysis of Aristotle's conception of exchange value there is gathered only a portrait of Aristotle in correct antique costume; the period of manufacture is seen first as a bunch of tools manned by no one, then as a waterwheel, also isolated.

Every illustration in the group just discussed, Morgan excepted, is a fragment, without implications, undialectical. In a whole series of other instances, Gellert, avoiding accidental or isolated aspects, goes to the opposite extreme and crystallizes involved relationships in lifeless symbols. Thus the crucial concept of surplus value is pictured as an emblematic clenched fist on a dial; out of exchange value and use value is contrived an enigma of overlapping dials, discs and pointers.

The rich faceting of Marx' exposition, the multiplication of examples, resulting in an overwhelming cumulative effect, calls for a parallel method by his illustrator. But this is made impossible by the arbitrary make-up of the book, with each page of text matched by a full-page illustration. On the one hand, this preconceived make-up has forced Gellert to use a single symbol where dozens of pictorial equations would be required to illustrate adequately the dense exposition of the nature of commodities, of value, and of surplus value. On the other hand, where a single picture does sum up a whole line of development, its effect may be weakened by superfluous illustrations introduced to preserve the "balance" between text and picture. For example, since the text on expropriation of small farmers and peasants occupies four pages, four lithographs are required. The first shows a pair of sheep grazing, the second a soldier holding aloft a royal proclamation on a bayonet (picturesque illustrations, comparable to those in Beard's *Rise of American Civilization,* without Marxian content or direction), the third a mother holding an infant and stretching out her hand appealingly (a little more idealized, it could be used for a Red Cross poster) and finally the fourth gives us the real key to the passage: the tillers of the land are sullenly leaving their burning cottages, shaking fists at unseen expropriators.

Not only the make-up but the conception of the illustration is too rigid and conventionalized. Each one is a separate self-contained picture, with only one to a page. Had the page been sub-divided into sequences of pictures, and these more closely bound to the text where necessary, a pictorial system adequate to the dialectic of *Capital* might have been devised. Unquestionably Gellert has given himself a very tough assignment. The best hits he has made in this work, and they are impressive, suggest that the *Communist Manifesto* might be, for him, a better spring-board for the creation of a provocative revolutionary graphic art.

O. FRANK.

Notes on Pamphlets

SOVIET MAIN STREET, by Myra Page. International Publishers.

In this brilliant narrative of life in Podolsk, Myra Page answers a hundred questions that are bound to arise in the mind of anyone who has never been to Russia. She has succeeded in justifying the title of her pamphlet, for she makes the reader realize what life is like for the ordinary man and woman in the Soviet Union. Her running description of this city, once the site of the Singer Sewing Machine Company's Russian plant, takes us into the factories, the homes of the workers, and the schools. It introduces us to young workers and old, to men and women, to an editor and a doctor. It shows us how the factory is run and how the city is run. It gives us, as few books three or four times its length have done, the feel of life in the U. S. S. R.

STRUGGLE, by Louis Adamic. Arthur Whipple, 1169 No. Virgin Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. 5oc.

Most of the material in this pamphlet appeared in THE NEW MASSES for September, 1933. Adamic has added to his account of the torturing of a young Communist in Yugoslavia a few introductory notes, and there is appended a letter of protest which a considerable group of radicals and liberals, acting on the basis of Adamic's report, addressed to the Yugoslav minister in Washington last November. This ghastly tale of white terror is worth preserving, but perhaps the most significant thing about its appearance in pamphlet form is that it does not appear in Adamic's recent book, *The Native's Return,* which was the choice of the Book-of-the-Month Club for February. Can it be that that rugged individualist, Dr. Canby, and his associate editors, are fearful of wounding the sensibilities of the ruggedly individualistic sheep that compose their flock?

OUR LENIN, by Ruth Shaw and Harry Alan Potamkin, with pictures by William Siegel. International Publishers. Boards, $.95, *cloth,* $1.50.

A publishers' note informs us that this book is based upon a children's life of Lenin published in the Soviet Union. This work was freely translated by Ruth Shaw and William Siegel, and, just before his death, Harry Alan Potamkin revised the translation, introducing some new material. It is a simple, clear, interesting, and dramatic story. The style is adapted, without a hint of condescension, to children, and the story makes an admirable introduction not only to the life of Lenin but also to Communism. Siegel's drawings, effective as illustration and excellent in design, make the book doubly interesting for children and doubly valuable for adults.

LECTURE-RECITAL

Friday, March 2, 8:15 P.M. Moussorgsky, the first proletarian composer. Eue Siegmeister, composer, May Day, 1933, and Arthur Schroeder, baritone. Pierre Degeyter Club, 5 East 19th St., New York City.

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Still-Birth as Epitaph

STEARNS MORSE

THE fresco which Orozco is painting in the Baker Library at Dartmouth College is almost finished. In the last panel a flaming Christ has chopped down his cross and stands rampant against a background of piled up engines of war and the ruins of ancient religions and cultures. In the next to the last panel the sprawling corpse of the Unknown Soldier is concealed by gaudy wreathes and flapping banners while an incredibly pompous politician belches platitudes before a microphone. But it is the third panel from the end that is perhaps most fitting in its environment.

Against a lurid orange background of a world in flame stand learned doctors in their caps and gowns. They bear on their faces the expressions of the smugly damned: adamant conservatism; bigoted pedantry; arrogance; superciliousness. These are not the expressions of living men, even of a Brain Trust, they are the expressions one might imagine upon the faces of upright corpses just before the last shred of flesh has rotted away. The corpses are oblivious of the flame behind them because they are corpses posing, as it were, with a ghastly simper for the camera; perhaps they are on the platform at some Walpurgis Night Commencement. And, indeed, they are presiding as a monstrous birth of knowledge. For sprawled among heavy gray books before them is another skeleton without benefit of gorgeous gown. She is evidently feminine for from the white skull, full of a black emptiness, stray the last grisly whitish locks of what once might have been an abundant head of hair. Is it Alma Mater to whom the alumni pray? Perhaps—at any rate the recumbent skeleton has just been through some sort of maternal labor: one long bony leg is thrust aloft across the faces of the grim professors, the other hangs down amongst the books, the apparatus of knowledge. The master obstetrician bending with black obsequious shoulders, his skull a massive spheroid of white, holds in his hands the infant of which the female has just been delivered: a miscarriage, a little foetus of bones, a mortarboard set jauntily upon his overgrown skull. Scattered among the books below are other capped skeletal foetuses in test tubes, dead jolly little creatures with the unholy glee of the undergraduate on a peerade. For the little embalmed foetuses are, after all, the livest things in the panel (unless one excepts the background of flame).

Adolf Dehn

The undergraduates, going to and fro for their books, stop and look and chuckle; they, of course, easily recognize in the gowned supervisors of the grim accouchement the likeness of their professors and now and again the more discerning recognize in themselves the gay tragic little still-born bastards. (Bastards they must be; it is impossible to think of the officiating doctors as having been capable of begetting even these dead foetuses. Perhaps the father was the football coach.) Many of them are about to be spawned out into a world for which this academic world has not precisely fitted them. Many of them are products of a world of stock dividends and bonuses and country clubs which is already an archaic world. They are doomed to become, not bond salesmen, not copy-writers for the Satevepost, not miniature editions of a Charles E. Mitchell with only lesser incomes, shamefully unearned, but members of the growing 'proletariat of the A. B.' And they do not know it yet.

There is much discussion as to the meaning. One prominent alumnus has labelled it: Dartmouth Dead. (Of course, Dartmouth is not dead. When another alumnus, a railway executive, can provide a private car for the three new football coaches on their first visit to Hanover it is very far from 'dead'.) But the panel raises a suspicion. *Is* the liberal college, like so many other institutions, in process of preparing its own epitaph?

Orozco, if you should ask him, would merely shrug his shoulders, I suppose. That is not my business, he would say, that is for the spectator to decide. Meanwhile he has gone on painting. The last half-panel is done, a strip above a recess opposite the delivery desk. The background is the red steel framework of a new building, in balanced horizontal and vertical planes. In the foreground a gigantesque workman lies stretched out at ease. He is reading a book with a certain unsentimental critical quizzicalness. His figure breathes repose and strength. At any rate, you feel, *this* is not an epitaph.

Art Notes

"Naïve Art"—At the 14th Street Gallery, an amusing show by John Kane, former Pittsburgh house painter and one of the foremost American primitives. Unlettered and unsophisticated, he has an amazing talent for creating interesting patterns, and in *Industry's Increase,* depicting industrial life along his native Monongahela. Kane is an unwit-

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ting example, however, of capitalist exploitation in the field of art. Shrewd "exponents of art" seized immediately upon his originality and sold it to their ever-gullible public, under the tag line "naïve art." It was scarcely a service to Kane, and equally improbable that it was a service to art.

Somnambulist—Walt Kuhn has gone to sleep, and we have at the Marie Harriman gallery a show done in this somnambulistic condition. Nothing in the show comes up to *The White Clown,* owned by the Whitney Museum, in which Kuhn demonstrated that at one period at least he had extraordinary gifts. *Acrobats in White,* the best canvas, has a strength that is lacking in the others. Too many contemporary painters fade out because they have so little to say. Walt Kuhn is the best example of a man with unusual talent whose vitality seems to have been drowned in defeatism.

John Reed Exhibit—The first exhibition of work by students of the John Reed Club School of Art is being held this week (Feb. 19 to 26) at the John Reed Club Gallery, 430 Sixth Avenue. The exhibition, which coincides with the beginning of the Spring term of the school, shows representative work from all classes. Of particular interest is the work of the Political Cartoon class and the Fresco Class—two classes which are not offered in other art schools. The exhibition is open from 1:30 to 5:00 p. m. daily, and Friday evening from 7 to 9 p. m.

Miscellaneous — Thumb nail review of the Speicher show: The frames were lovely. . . Georgia O'Keefe, painter of that erotic flower, has a one-man show at an American Place. . . . The history of the art of scenic design from the Renaissance to tomorrow may be traced in the Theatre Art International Exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art. Of particular interest is the Soviet Union contribution, which arrived late. . . . In the late American Group Show at the Barbizon-Plaza Orozco hung a fiery canvas called *Wounded Soldier,* which completely dominated the exhibition.

M. K. B.

Current Films

Search For Beauty — Produced after a high pressure world wide beauty contest. Stupid story poorly done. A pageant of healthy, good looking young men and women. See it only if they pay you!

Hi Nellie—Paul Muni. Hokum melodrama about a newspaper man. Vigorous direction by Mervyn Le Roy and expert acting may entertain, though they reveal nothing about the inside of a metropolitan newspaper.

You Can't Buy Everything—May Robson, Lewis Stone. The story of a money-mad woman financier who destroys banks and engineers Wall Street coups, but finds, alack and alas, that mother love comes before love of money.

Fugitive Lovers—Robert Montgomery. The Grand Hotel theme on a transcontinental bus. Hokum slickly directed, creates suspense. N. A.

★ ★ ★ ★ —*Daily News*

. . . The Group Theatre, and Sidney Harmon and James R. Ullman, present Sidney Kingsley's successful play

MEN IN WHITE

"Exciting, touching play"
—*Atkinson, TIMES*

"Vigorous and exciting drama. Should be seen." —*Lockridge, SUN*

BROADHURST Theatre West 44th St. Eves. 8:45—50c to 2.50
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The Screen

THIS excellent and necessary pamphlet published by International Publishers and sponsored by The Film and Photo League contains some of the late Harry Alan Potamkin's best writing on the motion picture, and some of the keenest Marxist analysis of movies ever written in America.

To think of the almost insignificant body of fundamental criticism of bourgeois films that exists today, is to realize the importance and value of a pamphlet like *The Eyes of the Movie,* which brings clearly and concisely to mind the reactionary character of the social and political forces that have dominated the motion picture arena from the days of the 1907 panic to the present crisis.

"The movie was born in the laboratory and reared in the counting house," writes Potamkin, remembering Edison and Griffith on the one hand and Morgan and Hearst on the other.

"It is a benevolent monster of four I's: Inventor, Investor, Impressario, Imperialist. The second and fourth eyes are the guiding ones. They pilot the course of the motion picture. The course is so piloted that it is favorable to the equilibrium of the ruling class, and unfavorable to the working class. This is truer in the realm of the film than in the other arts, for the film more than the other arts is the art of the people."

The history of the American movie is top-heavy with the stupefying atmosphere of greed, graft and glut created by that vicious "circle of vested interests whose circumference does not go beyond the perimeter of the screen for a knowledge of life."

Indeed one has to go a long way to find a parallel to the profligacy and waste of time, energy and money that has misshaped the American film industry for the past quarter century. What was born to be the natural art of the masses has been so arrested in its development by the piloting eyes of the motion picture, directed to preserve and vindicate the ruling ideology, at all costs, that it has become today an effective and stupendous weapon in their hands for use against the masses, although they would of course insist that "their merchandise is merely entertainment, passing amusement," in fact pointing "their finger of reproach to the Soviet film which is straightforward propaganda."

From time immemorial it has been the unalterable custom of the dominant ruling class, particularly during periods of stress and crisis, to employ every vehicle of expression at their command to sway the masses in close line with their dictation. Before the movie, the most potent bludgeon of the state for this persuasion was the church and next the school and press. Since the World War, when the imperialists accidentally hit upon the motion picture, which up to then had rarely been considered as a mighty propaganda agency for the ruling-class, the movie has more and more cunningly assumed first position.

Today we have the pro-war and anti-labor film, modernized, motorized under the guiding genius of Gabriel Roosevelt in the White House. As an off-shoot in the general direction we have the growing political tinge of the costume pictures that are coming en masse — Rothschild, Antoinette, Catharine, Christina, Napoleon, etc.

"All these are thunder on the right. We on the left," concludes Potamkin, "must build both defense and offense to their reaction." Showings of Soviet pictures and other revolutionary films are themselves initial arguments against the shallowness of the American film, which has only prejudice as its basis. The Film and Photo Leagues, the John Reed Clubs, and other workers' cultural organizations through revolutionary film criticism and through their own revolutionary films must instruct this film audience in the detection of treacherous reaction of the bourgeois film. We must build—on the left—the Movie!

DAVID PLATT.

Current Theatre

Mary of Scotland—In Maxwell Anderson's eloquent, romantic historical drama, with Helen Hayes, Philip Merivale and Helen Mencken, historical factors, highly dramatic in themselves and essential to an understanding of the feud between Scotland's young Catholic queen and Britain's Protestant Elizabeth, are slighted in favor of personal sentiment.

As Thousands Cheer—One of the high points to date of the "smart" American revue stage, catering to the more sophisticated Park Avenue denizens, this production emphasizes imaginative dancing and some pretty savage satire directed at the Hoovers, the Rockefellers, Noel Coward and some Hollywood people.

Men in White—The play, dealing mostly with the hospital angle of the difficulties of personal life involved in the medical professional, is sentimental. It is all but mystical. But the Group Theatre has given it a production that is technically highly distinguished.

The Pursuit of Happiness—An irreverent comedy about New England home life in Revolutionary days. It offers testimony regarding the Hessian soldiery not found in school books. But its main concern is with the initiation of a youthful Hessian deserter in the technique of bundling. Respectable young ladies in colonial times took their admirers to bed with them on cold winter evenings to save fuel.

W. G.

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LENIN—The Individual

A Biography Written from Sources Unavailable in English

• The little-known human being, Vladimir Ulyanov, rather than the Marxist or the statesman, Lenin, is the subject of this biography by William C. White in the March issue of Scribner's Magazine.

• His boyhood and early youth, his early environment and training, his experiences in Moscow in the 1890's, the activities of his young manhood, his Siberian exile and later activities as a political refugee in Paris, London, Prague and Switzerland are told vividly and sympathetically. Almost alone, cast out by his own party, his indomitable will and unshakable faith in his own convictions brought his minority party into control.

• It is a biography which should be read by everybody interested in Lenin, in Russia and what they mean today.

Also in the March Issue

Madness in Middle Europe—Robert Briffault
Art and Propaganda—Thomas Craven
Property in the Power Age—Stuart Chase
Escape to Yesterday—Paul Lifton

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